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UN BALLO IN MASCHERA

(THE MASKED BALL)

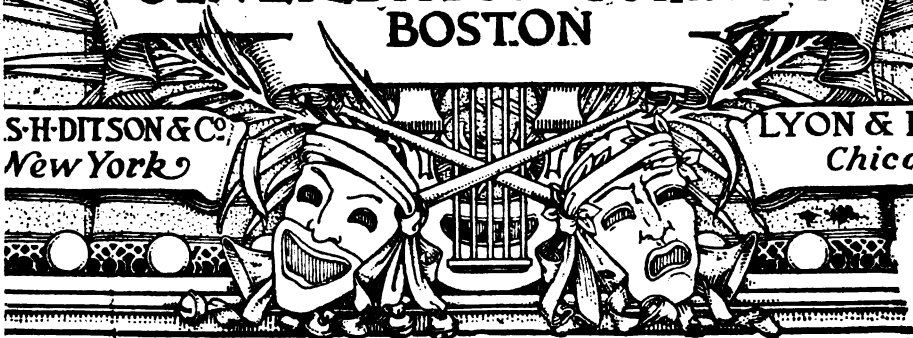
BY
VERDI

MUSIC
BALDWIN
HENRY GROBE
316 Sutter St.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
BOSTON

S. H. DITSON & CO.
New York

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VERDI'S

OPERA

THE MASKED BALL,

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

BY T. T. BARKER,

AND

The Music of all the Principal Acts

BOSTON : OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

**NEW YORK
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO**

**CHICAGO
LYON & HEALY**

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RICHARD, Count of Warwick, and Governor of Boston

REINHART, Secretary to the Governor.

AMELIA, Wife of Reinhart

ULRICA, a black Astrologer

OSCAR, a Page.

SYLVAN, a Sailor.

SAMUEL,
TOM, } Enemies of the Count.

A Judge.

A Servant.

ARGUMENT.

The scene of Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was, by the author of the Libretto, originally laid in one of the European cities. But the government censors objected to this, probably, because the plot contained the record of a successful conspiracy against an established Prince or governor. By a change of scene to the distant, and to the author, little known city of Boston, in America, this difficulty seems to have been obviated. This fact should be borne in mind by Bostonians and others, who may be somewhat astonished at the events which are supposed to have taken place in the old Puritan city.

According to the Opera, Richard, Count of Warwick, and Colonial Governor of Boston and of the surrounding territory, falls in love with Amelia, the wife of Reinhart, his secretary. Richard seems to be, with the exception of this great failing, an upright, honorable man, and struggles with the passion which bids fair to overpower him. Amelia, on her part, is in equal danger, endeavoring to be faithful to her husband, while her heart impels her to return the affection of the Count. In this extremity, she seeks counsel from Ulrica, a black fortune-teller, or astrologer, who assures her of relief, on one difficult condition. It seems that a certain plant has the power to cure in such cases, but it grows only under the gibbet on the place of execution near the city. It must be gathered at night, and will only be potent when plucked by the one who has need of its healing virtues. Amelia, in her distress, overcomes her dread of the fearful excursion, and concludes to go.

Now it happens that Count Richard comes at that very time, to consult the sorceress. He does it for amusement, and in disguise, and being near Amelia, he overhears the conversation, and learns of the intended visit.

It is also to be noted, that two of the Count's enemies with their followers, have followed him, with the intention of taking his life in the hut of the Astrologer, but are deterred by an unexpected number of visitors present, among whom are many of the Count's friends, too many for the assassins to overcome.

Count Richard, in sport, asks the witch to tell his fortune. She predicts that he will fall by the hand of a friend.

In the next scene appears Amelia, approaching at midnight, the dreaded place of execution. She describes a form

among the gibbets, which she believes to be a phantom, but which is really the Count, who, knowing of her intended visit, has come to meet her. In the touching colloquy which follows, she confesses her love for him, but pleads her duty to her husband, who is the Count's devoted friend.

They are interrupted by the approach of Reinhart, who hastens thither to warn Count Richard of the approach of his enemies, who have tracked and followed him. Richard consents to flee, on condition that Reinhart will conduct the lady present safely within the city. To this the secretary consents, and conducts Amelia, who is silent, and closely veiled, a little distance, when they are surrounded by the assassins, who mistake Reinhart for his employer. In the fright of the moment, Amelia drops her veil, and is recognised by her husband. Reinhart, in his astonishment and fury, will listen to no explanations, but conducts her home, has an interview with the Count's enemies, and offers to assist them in their next design, which is, to assassinate him during the progress of a Masked Ball, to which all are invited, and where their disguises will serve to conceal their purpose and weapons.

Count Richard, with returning reason, and remorse for the injury he has inflicted on Reinhart and his wife, determines to send them both to England, where they may live happily together, while both Amelia and himself will be free from temptation. He writes an order for the secretary's return, on which is designated the ship that is to carry the pair across the ocean. This done, he dons a disguise, and enters the ball room, where he is soon afterward recognised by Reinhart, who has questioned Oscar, the page, as to the disguise his master will wear. Soon after, Amelia, in disguise, approaches, and entreats the Count to retire, warning him of the assassins then present. Richard with his natural fearlessness, makes light of the danger. The secretary approaches, and beholding his wife again in close conference with the Count, mad with jealousy and rage, plunges a dagger in his master's side, thus fulfilling the sibyl's prediction.

In the denouement which follows, Reinhart learns of the unbroken fidelity of his wife, and of the intention of the Count to send them to England, thus clearing the honor of the noble man, who dies, regretted by friends and subjects.

THE MASKED BALL.

ATTO I.

SCENA I—*E il mattino.*—Una sala nella casa del Governatore. In fondo l'ingresso delle sue stanze. Deputati, Gentiluomini, Popolani, Ufficiali; sul dinanzi Samuel, Tom e loro Aderenti—tutti in attesa di Riccardo.

UFFICIALI e GENTILUOMINI.

Posa in pace, a' bei sogni ristora,
O Riccardo, il tuo nobile cor—
A te scudo su questa dimora
Sta d'un vergine mondo l' amor.

SAM, TOM e loro Aderenti.

E sta l' odio, che prepara il fio,
Ripensando ai caduti per te—
Come sperì, disceso l' oblio
Sulle tombe infelici non è.

SCENA II—OSCAR dalle stanze del Conte, indi RICCARDO.

Osc. S' avvanza il Conte.

Ric. (*salutando gli astanti.*) Amici miei—Soldati.
E voi del par diletti a me!—
[ai Deputati nel ricevere delle suppliche.

Pergete :

A me s' aspetta—io deggio
Su' miei fidi vegliar,—perchè sia pago
Ogni voto, se giusto.
Bello il poter non è, che de' soggetti
Le lacrime non terge, e ad incorrotta
Gloria non mira.

Osc. (*a lui*) Leggere vi piaccia
Delle danze l' invito.

Ric. Avresti alcuna

Beltà dimenticato ?

Osc. (*offrendogli un foglio.*) Ecco i nomi.

Ric. Amelia—ah deusa ancor ! l' anima mia
[leggendo, tra sé.
In lei rapita ogni grandezza oblia !

ACT I.

SCENE I—*It is morning.*—The Scene represents a hall in the house of the Governor, connecting with other apartments in the back-ground. Deputies, Gentlemen, Officers, People; apart from them, Samuel, Tom, and their adherents; all waiting for Richard.

OFFICERS and GENTLEMEN.

Peacefully rest, and bright visions surround thee,
O Richard, thy noble heart ever shall find
Protection from harm in the strong arms around thee
In this new world, a shield with devotion combined.

SAM, TOM, and their followers.

Here too, stand thy foes, with hatred undying,
Recounting the victims thy passions have slain :
What hop'st thou ? tho' they in the dark tomb are lying,
Their sorrows and wrongs unforgotten remain.

SCENE II—OSCAR enters from the Count's chamber, RICARD following.

Osc. The Count approaches.

Ric. (*Saluting the assembly.*) My friends, Soldiers, and
You beloved companions, so dear to me—
[To the deputies, while receiving their petitions.]

Present them to my attention—my duty bids me
Watch o'er my faithful subjects, and protect them
Justice requires it—
The only charm in power,
Is to dry their tears, and crown
Good deeds with glory.

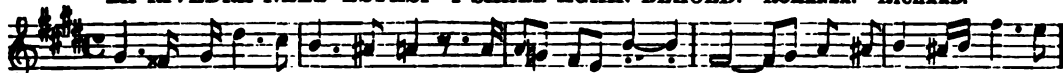
Osc. (*Addressing him.*) Please will you read
The list of guests invited to the ball ?

Ric. Hast thou forgotten
The name of any fair one ?

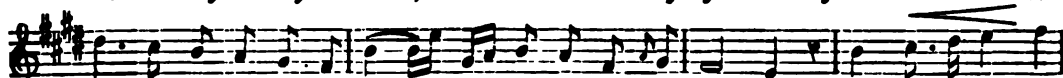
Osc. (*Offering a paper.*) This is the list completed.

Ric. Amelia ! ah, still of her ! my soul enraptured
By her charms, forgets all power and grandeur.

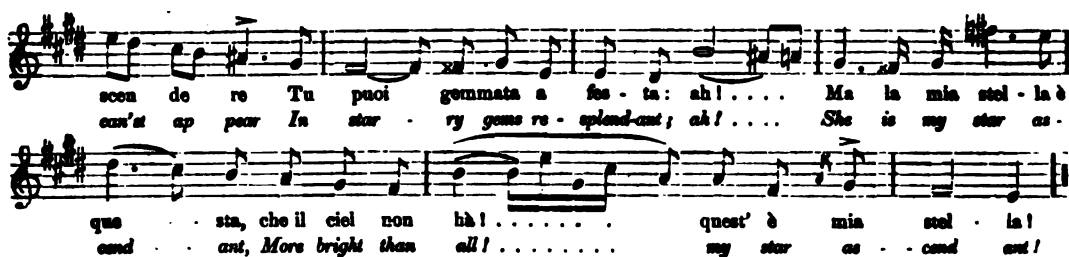
LA RIVEDRA NELL' ESTASI—I SHALL AGAIN BEHOLD. ROMANZA. RICHARD.



La ri - ve - drà nell' e - sta - si Raggian - te di pal - lo - re E qui so - nar d'a -
I shall again her face be-hold, With ra - diant beau - ty glow - - ing. And here love's ac - cents



mo - - re La sua pa - ro - - la udrà, so - nar d'a - mo - re. O dol - ce not - te
glow - - ing, From her sweet lips shall fall, love's ac - cents flow - ing. Oh, fair - est night, thou



UFFICIALI e GENTILUOMINI.

Entro ed stesso assorto
 Con generoso affetto
 Il nostro bene oggette
 De' suoi pensier farà.

SAM, TOM e loro Aderenti.—(sommessamente.)

L' ora non è ch'è tutto
 Qui d' operar ne toglie.
 Dalle nemiche soglie
 Meglio l' uscir sarà

Ric. Il cenno mio di là con essi attendi. [ad Oscar.
 [tutti s' allontanano.

Osc. Libero è il varco a voi. [verso Renato che s' avvanza.

SCENA III.—RICCARDO e RENATO.

Ric. Deh come triste appar! [a parte.

Ric. (tra sé.) Amelia! Conto! [chinandosi.

Ric. O ciel! lo sposo suo! [c. s.

Ric. Turbato il mio [accostandosi.

Signor, mentre dovunque il nome suo
 Incito suona!

Ric. Per la gloria è molto,
 Nulla pel cor—Secreta, acerba cura
 M' opprime.

Ric. E donde?

Ric. Ah no!—non più—
 Ric. Dirolla

Io la cagion.

Ric. (da sé.) Gran Dio!

Ric. So tutto.—

Ric. Che!

Ric. So tutto.

Già questa soglia stessa
 Non t' è sicuro asilo.

Ric. Proseguì.

Ric. Un reo disegno

Nell' ombre si matura,

I giorni tuoi minaccia.

Ric. Ah!—gli è di ciò che parli! [con gioia.

Ric. Altro non sai!—

Ric. Se udir t' è grato i nomi—

Ric. Che monta? io li disprezzo.

Ric. Svelarli è mio dover.

Ric. Taci: nel sangue

Contaminarmi allor dovrei. Non fia,

Nol vo'.—De' miei lo zelo

Ògnor mi guardi, e mi protegga il cielo.

OFFICERS and GENTLEMEN.

All selfish thoughts discarding,
 With generous affection
 Our welfare and protection
 Are still his sole desire.

SAM, TOM and their followers.—(In a subdued tone.)

The hour is not propitious,
 To carry out our mission.
 From this unsafe position
 'Tis better to retire.

Ric. (To Oscar.) Await with them my further orders. [They retire.

Osc. The passage now is free for you to enter. [To Reinhart, who approaches.

SCENE III.—RICHARD and REINHART.

Rein. (Aside.) How sad he seems!

Ric. (To himself.) Amelia!

Rein. (Bowing.) Count!

Ric. O Heaven! her husband!

Rein. Sad is my lord, while everywhere

His name with praise is sounding.

Ric. Of glory I've enough, but nothing for the heart.

Secret and bitter cares oppress me.

Rein. Whence come they?

Ric. Speak not of that.

Rein. I then, the cause will tell thee.

Ric. (To himself.) Great Heaven!

Rein. I know all!

Ric. What!

Rein. I know all.

This place is no longer a safe abode for thee.

Ric. Continue—

Rein. A vile conspiracy is fast maturing in secret,
 Which threatens to destroy thee.

Ric. Ah! 'tis of that alone thou speakest?

Dost know aught else?

Rein. I will name them if thou wishest.

Ric. 'Tis useless. I despise them.

Rein. But, 'tis my duty to denounce them.

Ric. Silence. I must not dip my hands in blood.

I must not—will not. My zealous soldiers

Ever guard me, and Heaven will protect me.

ALLA VITA CHE T'ARRIDE—TO THY LIFE WITH SMILES ABOUNDING. AIR. REINHART.

Andante.



mil-le e mille vi - te Il de-sti - no s'in-ca-te - na! To per-du - to, to per-du - to, ov'è la
 eth - er lives surrounding, Are by des - ti - ny u - ni - ted! Wert thou lost, then, wert thou lost, where is the
 pa - tria, To per-du - to, ov'è la pa - tria col suo splendido av - ve - nir? E - sa -
 na - tion, Wert thou lost, where is the na - tion With its glorious fu - ture birth? Ev - ry
 ra do-van-quo, sem - pre chiuso il var - co alle fo - ri - to, Per - chè sen - do del tuo
 where will be for - ev - er Closed the path to high am - bi - tion, For the shield of thy pre
 pet - to è del po - po - lo l'af - fet - to! Dell' a - mor più de-sto è l'o - dio le sue
 tes - tion Is the peo - ple's warm af - fec - tion, Hate more watch - ful is, than lov - ing, Quick to
 vit - ti - me a col - pir To per-du - to, to per-du - to, Ov'è la pa - tria, to per-du - to, ov'è la
 strikes its vic - tims to earth! Wert thou lost, then, wert thou lost, ah, Where's the na - tion, wert thou lost, ah, where's the
 pa - tria col suo splendido av - ve - nir? Dell' a - mor più de - sto è l'o - dio Le sue
 na - tion, with its glorious fu - ture birth? Hate more watch - ful is, than lov - ing, Quick to
 vit - ti - me, suo vit - ti - me a col - pir. To per-du - to ov'è la pa - tria, ah! to per -
 strikes its vic - tims, strikes them to the earth. Wert thou lost, ah, where's the na - tion, ah! should we
 Presto.
 du - to, ov'è la pa - tria col suo splendido av - ve - nir?
 lose thee, where is the na - tion with its splendid fu - ture birth?

SCENA IV.—OSCAR, poi un GIUDICE e altri

Osc. Il primo Giudice. *un' voce.*
 Ric. S' avanzi.
 Gio. Conto!
 Ric. Che leggo!—Il dando ad una donna *[offrendogli d'una forma.]*
 Qual è il suo nome?—di che rea? *il dando.*
 Gio. Ulrica—dell' abbetto
 Sangue de' negri. S' è
 Osc. Intorno a cui s' affe
 Tutte le stirpi. Del futuro l' alta
 Divinatrice—
 Gio. Che nell' antro insuondo
 Chiama i peggiori, d' ogni reo consiglia
 Sospetta già. Dovuto è a lei l' esiglio:
 Nè rauta il voto mio.
 Ric. Che ne di' tu?
 Osc. Difenderla vogli' io.

SCENE IV.—OSCAR, then a JUDGE, and the others.

Osc. (At the entrance.) The principal Judge.
 Ric. Bid him approach.
 Gio. Count!
 Ric. What's this! a woman banished! whence came she?
 What is her name, what her offences?
 Gio. She calls herself Ulrica, of the vile race of negroes.
 Ric. 'Tis a people crowd around her dwelling.
 Gio. She's an astrologer of high renown—
 Osc. Who in her cavern foul and dark, calls round her
 All the vilest of the land, whose guilty counsels
 Fall already 'neath suspicion—
 She should be banished. My mind is
anged.
 Ric. (to Oscar.) What sayest thou to this?
 Osc. I will defend her.

Ric. (*Ad Oscar.*) E tu m' appronta un abito
Da pescator.

Sam., Tom e loro Aderenti. (*Sotto voce.*) Chi sa—
Che alla vendetta l' adito
Non s' apra alfin colà?

Ric. Ogni cura si doni al diletto,
E s' accorra nel magico tetto:
Tra la folla de' creduli ognuno
S' abbandoni e folleggi con me.

Sam. E s' accorra, ma vegli l' sospetto
Sui perigli che fremono intorno,
Ma protegga il magnanimo petto
Di chi nulla paventa per sè.

Osc. L' indovina ne dice di belle,
E sta ben ch' i' interroghi anch' io;
Sentirò se m' arridon le stelle,
Di che sorti benefica m' è.

Cora. Scegli dunque ciascun la sua via
E risponda al festevole invito,
Perchè brilli d' un po' d' allegria
Questa vita che il cielo ne dà.

SAM., TOM e Seguaci.

Senza posa vegliamo all' intento,
Nè si perda ove scocchi l' momento;
Forse l' astro che regge il suo fato
Nell' abisso là spegnerà de'.

Ric. Dunque, signori, aspettovi,
Incognito, alle tre
Nell' antro dell' oracolo,
Della gran maga al piè.

Tutti. Teco sarei di subito
Incogniti alle tre
Nell' antro dell' oracolo,
Della gran maga al piè.

SCENA VI.—*L' abituro dell' indovina. A sinistra un camino; il fuoco è acceso, e la caldaja magica fuma sovra un treppia; dallo stesso lato l'uscio d'un oscuro recesso. Sul fianco a destra una scala che gira e si perde sotto la volta, e all' estremità della stessa sul davanti una piccola porta segreta. Nel fondo l' entrata della porta maggiore con ampia finestra d' allato.—In mezzo una rozza tavola, e pendenti dal tetto e dalle pareti stromenti ed arredi analoghi al luogo.*

Nel fondo UOMINI e DONNE del Popolo. ULTRICA presso la tavola; poco discosti un FANCIULLO ed una GIOVINETTA che le domandano la buona ventura.

POPOLANI.

Zitto! l' incanto non dessi turbare—
Par che Satana guizzi al focolare!
Ulr. Re dell' abisso, affrettati, (*Inspirata.*)
Precipita per l' etra—
Senza libar la folgore
Il tetto mio penetra.
Omni tre volte l' upupa
Dall' alto sospirò;
La salamandra ignivora
Tre volte sibilò—
E delle tombe il gemito
Tre volte a me parlò!

SCENA VII.—*RICCARDO da pescatore, avanzandosi tra la folla, nè scorrendo alcuno di' suoi.*

Ric. Arrivo il primo!

Pop. Villano, dà indietro.

(*ci s' allontana ridendo.*)

Tutti. Deh! perchè tutto riluce di tetro?

Rich. (*To Oscar.*) A sailor's dress got ready
For me at once—

Sam., Tom and Followers.—(*Aside.*) Who knows—
If our revenge may not be
Complete ere day shall close?

Rich. Pleasure calls—every care dispelling;
Haste we then to the magic dwelling,
'Mong the credulous world we'll mingle
Ourselves to folly—we'll yield to-day.

Rein. Let us go—with suspicions excited
'Gainst the dangers that hover around us—
And guard, with arms firm and united,
The brave heart that fears nought in the way.

Osc. The astrologer ever is gracious—
And I too will ask her a favor;
I will learn, if my star is propitious,
What good fortune will fall in my way.

Cho. Then let each choose his own way of pleasure,
And reply to the kind invitation,
For 'tis oft stinted in measure,
And tho' short, we will make our life gay

SAM., TOM and followers.

Let us watch well the chances attendant,
That we lose not the moment propitious;
For perchance, his fate's star, now ascendant,
May in gloom be extinguished to-day.

Rich. So, good friends, I shall expect you
Well disguised—at hour of three,
In the witch's magic cavern,
This famed sorceress to see.

All. We will surely be there with you,
In disguise, at hour of three—
In the witch's magic cavern,
This famed sorceress to see.

SCENE VI.—*The home of the astrologer. At the left is a fire-place; the fire is lighted, and the magic caldron is steaming over a tripod; on the same side is the door of a dark passage. At the right side is staircase leading to the roof, near it a secret door. In the back-ground is the door of the main entrance, with large side-lights. In the centre is a rough table—and, hanging from the walls and roof, are instruments and implements suitable to the place.*

In the back-ground are men and women of the populace. Ultrica stands near the table. A boy and girl are near her, asking their fortunes.

POPULACE.

Silence! disturb not the dark incantation.

Ulr. For the Fiend o'er the cauldron has taken his station
Great king of darkness haste thee hither,
Through airy regions fly without thy
Flames attendant, and enter my abode.
Thrice hath the lapwing uttered his complaint.
Thrice hath the fiery salamander hissed aloud—
And from their graves the dead
Have thrice addressed me.

SCENE VII.—*RICHARD disguised as a fisherman entering amid the crowd, sees none of his friends about him.*

Rich. I am the first arrived.

Wom. Stand back, low fellow!

(*Richard retires laughing*)

All. What is this light now piercing through the gloom?

Ulr. E lui, è lui! ne' palpiti
Come risento adesso
La voluttà riardere
Del suo tremendo amplesso!
La face del futuro
Nella sinistra egli ha.
Arrise al mio scongiuro,
Rifolgorar la fa:
Nulla, più nulla asconderai
Al guardo mio potrà!

[*Batte il suolo e sparisce.*]

Tutti. Evviva la maga!

Ulr. (*Di sotto.*) Silenzio, silenzio!

SCENA VIII.—SILVANO rompendo la calca, e detti.

Sil. Su, fatemi largo, saper vo' il mio fato.
Son servo del Conte: son suo marinaio:
La morte per esso più volte ho sfidato;
Tre lustri son corsi del vivere amaro,
Tre lustri che nulla s'è fatto per me.

Ulr. (*Ricomparendo.*) E chiedi?

Sil. Qual sorte pel sangue versato

M'attende.

Ric. (*A parte.*) Favella da franco soldato.

Ulr. La mano.

Sil. Prendete.

Ulr. Rallegrati: omai

I poveri giorni mutarsi vedrai.

[*Riccardo trae un rotolo e vi scrive su.*]

Sil. Scherzate?

Ulr. Va pago.

Ric. [*Penendolo in tasca a Silvano che non s'avvede.*]

Mentire non de'.

Sil. A funesto presagio ben vuoi mercè.

[*Fruendo trova il rotolo su cui legge estatico.*]

"Riccardo al suo caro Silvano Ufficiale."

Per bacco! non sogno!—dell'oro ed un grado!

Cure. Evviva la nostra Sibilla immortale,

Che spande su tutti ricchezze e piacer.

[*Più vicini alla piccola porta.*]

Tutti. Si batte!

Ulr. (*Va ad aprire ed entra un servo.*)

Ric. (*Tra sé.*) Che veggio, sull'uscio segreto,

Un servo d'Amelia!

Ser. (*Sommessamente ad Ulrice, ma inteso da Ric.*)

Sentite: la mia

Signora, che aspetta la fuore, vorria

Pregarvi, a quattr'occhi, d'arcano parer.

Ric. Me no—

Ulr. Perché possa rispondere a voi

E d'uopo che innanzi m'abbocchi a Satano.

Uscite, e lasciate che io scruti nel ver.

Tutti. Usciamo, e si lasci che scruti nel ver.

[*Mentre tutti s'allontanano, Riccardo s'asconde.*]

SCENA IX.—AMELIA, ULRICA, e RICCARDO in disparte.

Ulr. Che v'agita così?

Amo. Funesta, ascosa

Cura che amor destò—

Ric. (*De sé.*)

Quai detti!

Ulr. E voi

Cercate?—

Amo. Pace—evellermi dal petto

Chi al fatale e desiato impera!

Lui—che su tutti il ciel arbitro pose.

Ric. (*Tra sé, ma con viva emozione di gioia.*)

An'ima mia!

Ulr. 'Tis he, 'tis he! in every pulse
I feel his presence nearing,
Each passion burns, inflamed anon
By his embrace, appearing—
The secrets of the future
In his left hand he holds—
He smiles on my petition,
And destiny unfolds.
Nothing from me he now conceals,
Nor from my sight withholds!

[*She smites the earth and disappears.*]

All. Long live the sorceress!

Ulr. (*From below.*) Silence, silence!

SCENE VIII.—SILVAN, breaking through the crowd, and the same.

Sil. Come, move and make room,

While I hear what's my fortune.

I'm Silvan the sailor: the Count is my master;
And death for him, I many times have confronted,
Thrice five years of labor I've spent in his service,
In all of which, nought is accomplished for me.

Ulr. (*Reappearing.*) What ask'st thou?

Sil. For service devoted, what fortune

Awaits me?

Ric. (*Aside.*) 'Tis asked in a frank soldier fashion.

Ulr. Your hand then—

Sil. Then take it.

Ulr. Be cheerful, for quickly

Your days of misfortune all ended shall be.

[*Richard takes a paper and writes upon it.*]

Sil. Art jesting?

Ulr. Go happy.

Ric. [*Places the paper in Silvan's pocket unperceived.*]

The witch must not lie.

Sil. Such promise of fortune well paid for must be.
(*Searching his pocket, he finds the paper which he reads with delight.*)

"Count Richard to Silvan, his officer dear."

By Bacchus! I dream not! 'tis gold and promotion.

Ulr. Long live our great Sibyl, our sorceress immortal,

Who crowns all around her with riches and joy.

[*A knock is heard at the wicket.*]

All. There's knocking!

Ulr. (*Goes to open, and a servant enters.*)

Ric. (*Aside.*) What see I, within that passage dark,

A servant of Amelia!

Ser. (*In an undertone, to Ulrice—but overheard by Richard.*)

Be cautious: my lady,

Who just without is waiting requests the favor

Of a most private meeting on secret mission.

Ric. At least—

Ulr. Before I answer you

I must address myself to Satan—

Retire now, and leave me to seek for the truth.

All. We'll go now, and leave her to seek for the truth.

[*While the rest are departing, Richard conceals himself.*]

SCENE IX.—AMELIA, ULRICA and RICHARD, (apart.)

Ulr. What doth so disturb thee?

Amo. Unhappy and secret

Trials that spring from love.

Ric. (*Aside.*)

Those accents!

Ulr.

And you

Are seeking?—

Amo. Calmness—to pluck

From out my bosom, a fatal and imperious wrong—

Him—that Heaven has sent to govern here.

Ric. [*Aside, but with lively joy and emotion.*]

My soul beloved!

Ulr. L' oblio v' è dato. Arcane
Stille conosco d'una magic' erba,
Che rinnovano il cor. Ma chi n' ha d' uopo
Spiccarla debbe di sua man nel fitto
Delle notti—funereo
E il loco.

Ame. Ov' è?
Ulr. L' osate

Ulr. Voi?
Ame. Sì—qual caso sia.
Ulr. Dunque ascoltate.

Della città all' occaso,
Là dove al tetro lato
Batte la luna pallida
Sul campo abbinato—
Abbarbica gli stami
A quelle pietre infami,
Ove la colpa scontasi
Coll' ultimo sospir!
Ame. Cieli! qual loco!

Ulr. Attonita
E già tremante siete!

Ric. Povero cor!
Ulr. V' osanima?

Ame. Agghiaccio—
Ulr. E l' oscrete?

Ame. Se tale è il dover mio
Troverò possa anch' io.
Ulr. Stanotte?

Ame. Sì.
Ric. (c. z.) Non sola:

Chè te degg' io seguir.
Ame. Consentimi, o Signore,
Virtù ch' io lavi i core,
E l' infiammato palpito
Nel petto mio sopir!

Ulr. Va, non tremar, l' incanto
Inaridisce il pianto.
Osa—e berrai nel farmaco
L' oblio de' tuoi martir.

Ric. (c. z.) Ardo, e seguirli ho fuso
Se fosse nell' abisso,
Per ch' io respiri, Amelia,
L' aura de' tuoi sospir.

(Voci dal fondo.)
Figlia d'averno schiudi lo chiostro,
[Spinto alla poter.

E pigra meno vèr noi ti mostra.
Ulr. (Ad Amelia.) Presto partite

Ame. Stanotte—
Ulr. Addio—

SCENA X.—ULRICA apre l'entrata maggiore: entrano SAMUEL, TOM e SEQUACI, OSCAR, GENTILUOMINI e UFFICIALI travestiti bizarramente, ai quali s'unisce RICHARDO.

Cere. Su, profetessa, monta il treppìe;
Canta il presagio.

Osc. Ma il Conte ov' è?
Ric. (Fattosi presso a lui.)

Taci, nascondile che qui son io.
(Poi volto rapidamente ad Ulrice)
E tu, sibilla, che tutto sai,
Della mia stella mi parlerai.

Ulr. You may forget him.
I know a magic plant, from which may be
Expressed a philter that renews the heart.
But who hath need of it, must with his
Own hand cull it in midnight darkness.
The place is dreary—

Ame. Where is it?
Ulr. And would'st

Thou dare?
Ame. Yes—wherever be it.
Ulr. Then pause and listen.

Go from the city eastward,
To where by gloom engirted
Fall the pale moonbeams on the field,
Accurs'd, abhor'd, deserted,
And cull the flowers lowly
From those black rocks unholy,
Where crimes have dark atonement made
With life's departing sigh!
Ame. Oh Heaven! how fearful!

Ulr. Art thou astounded,
Trembling too, already?

Ric. Poor tender heart!
Ulr. Dost faint with fear?

Ame. I shudder!
Ulr. Dar'st thou attempt it?

Ame. If duty thus compels me,
Strength will perhaps be sent me
To night then?

Ame. Yes.
Ric. (Aside.) Not lonely,

For I must follow thee.
Ame. Oh, grant me, Heav'n indulgent
Strength to restrain my passions,
The flames within my beating heart,
Assist me to control.

Ulr. Fear not, but go, the charm
Shall dry thy tears of sorrow.
Courage, and from the potent spell
All grief shall be forgot.

Ric. (Aside.) Burning, her steps I'll follow,
Tho' turn to sure destruction,
Let me inhale, Amelia,
From thee thy heart's warm sighs.

(Voices from without.)
Daughter of darkness—give us admission,
[Knocking at the door.

Show thyself quickly, we'll brook no delay—
Ulr. (To Amelia.) Depart hence quickly.

Ame. To night then—
Ulr. Farewell

SCENE X.—ULRICA opens the main entrance. Enter SAMUEL, TOM and followers, OSCAR, GENTLEMEN and OFFICERS fantastically costumed, RICHARD mingles with them.

Chs. Come thou dark prophet—mount now the tripod—
Tell of the future—

Osc. But the Count, where is he?
Rich. (Moving to his side.)

Silence, conceal from them all that I'm here.
(Then turning quickly to Ulrice)
Come thou dread sibyl who knowest all things,
Tell me I pray thee, what saith my star.

DI TU SE FIDEL—DECLARE IF THE WAVES. BARGAROLLE. RICHARD.

Con brio. *fff*

Di tu - se fe - de - le il fat - to m'a - spot - ta, Se mol - lo di
De - clare if the waves will faith - ful - ly bear . . . me: If sweep - ing the

pian-to la don-na di - let - - - - - ta Di - cen - domi ad - di - o, di - cen - domi ad -
 lo'd one from whom I now tear me, Fare - well, to me say - ing, fare - well to me
ppp *dim.*
 di - - - - - o. Tra - di l'a - mor mi - o, tra - di l'a - mor mi -
 say - ing, My love is be - tray - ing, my love is be - tray -
 o. Con la - co - re ve - le e l'alma in tem - pos - ta I sol - chi so fran - ger dell' on - da fu -
 ing. With sails rent a - sun - der, with soul in com - mo - tion, I know how to steer thro' the dark waves of
 ne - sta, L'a - ver - no ed il cie - lo i - ra - ti an - dar, L'a - ver no ed il cie - lo i - ra - ti an -
 e - cean, The an - ger of Heav'n and hell to de - fy, The an - ger of Heav - en and hell to de -
 dar. Sol - le - ci - ta, e - splo - ra, di - vi - na gli e - ven - ti, Non pos sono i ful - min, la rab - bia de'
 fy. Then haste with thy mag - ic, the fu - ture ex - ploring, No power have the thunder, the an - gry winds
 ven - ti, La mor - ta, l'a - mo - re svi - ar - mi dal mar, no, no, no,
 roaring, Or death, or af - fec - tion my path to de - ny. no, no, no,
ff
 no, La mor - te, L'a - mor svi - ar - mi dal mar, La mor - te, l'a - mor svi - ar - mi dal mar.
 no, Not death, nor af - fec - tion can me de - ny, Not death, no, nor love my path can de - ny.

Sull' agile prora
 Che m' agita in grembo.
 Se scosso mi sveglio
 Ai fischi del nembro,
 Ripeto fra i tuoni
 Le dolci canzoni.
 Le dolci canzoni
 Del tetto natio,
 Che l' ora lamento
 Dell' ultimo addio,
 E tutte ridanno
 Le forme del cor.
 Su dunque, rismoni
 La tua profezia,
 Di ciò che può sorgere
 Dal fato qual sia
 Nell' anime nostre
 Non entra terror.

U- Chi voi siate, l' insana parola
 Può nel pianto prorompere un giorno,
 Se chi sforsa l' arcano soggiorno
 Va la colpa nel duolo a purgar,
 Se chi sfida il suo fato insolente
 Deve l' onta nel fato scontar.
Ric. Zitto, amici.

Sam. Ma il primo chi sia!

Upon the light vessel
 That rocks me to sleeping,
 If tempests arouse me,
 To watchfulness keeping,
 While thunders are rolling,
 Sweet songs I am troling.
 Sweet songs I am troling,
 The lays of my childhood's
 Lov'd home of affection
 That brings our last parting
 To fond recollection,
 Restoring the heart's
 Youthful forces again;
 Then haste to reveal
 What appears to thy vision;
 O'er fate I shall triumph
 Whate'er its decision;
 No fear in my spirit
 Can entrance obtain.

U- Whoever you may be, your ravings of madness
 May bring forth some day, tears of penitent sadness
 He who laughs at fate's mystical warning,
 Shall by grief purge the fault from his soul;
 He who destiny dares, but with scorning,
 Disgrace shall his actions control.

Ric. Silence, companions!

Sam. But who shall the first be?

Occ. Io.
Ric. L'onore a me cedi.
[Offrendo la palma ad Utrica.]
Occ. E lo sia.
Utr. E la destra d' un grande, vissuto
 Sotto l' astro di Marte.
Occ. Nel vero
 Ella colse.
Ric. Taceta.
Utr. *(Staccandosi da lui.)* Infelice—
 Va—mi lascia—non chieder di più!
Ric. Su, prosegui.
Utr. No—lasciami.
Ric. Parla.
Utr. Te ne prego.
Occ. *(A lei.)* Eh finiscila omai.
Ric. Te lo impongo.
Utr. Ebben, presto morrai.
Ric. Se sul campo d' onor, ti so grado.
Utr. No—per man d' un amico—
Occ. Gran Dio!
 Quale orror!
Utr. Così scritto è lassù.
Ric. E scherzo od è follia *[Guardando intorno pausa.]*
 Che da quel labbro uscì
 Ma come fa da ridere
 I a lor creduli à!
Utr. Eh voi, signori, a queste *[Passando fra Tom e Sam.]*
 Parole-mie funeste,
 Voi non osate ridere,
 Ben altro in cor vi sta.
Occ. e Cor.
 E sarà dunque spento
 In breve a tradimento?
 Al sol pensarci l' anima
 Abbrividendo va.
Sam. e Tom (facendo Utr.)
 La sua parola è dardo,
 E fulmine lo sguardo,
 Dal confidente demone
 Tutto costei risa.
Ric. Finisci 'l vaticinio.
 Di', chi fia dunque l' accisor?
Utr. Chi primo
 Tua man ques' oggi stringerà.
Ric. Benissimo.
[Poi offrendo la destra a' circostanti che non osano toccare.]
 Qual è di voi, che provi
 L' oracolo bugiardo?—
 Nessuno!

SCENA XI.—RENATO, all' entrata, e detti.

Ric. *(Accorrendo a lui.)* Eccoli.
[E unisce la sua alla destra dell' amico.]
Tutti. Desso!
Sam. Respiro—il caso ne salvò. *[Ai suoi.]*
Tutti. *(Contro Utrica.)* L' oracolo
 Mentiva.
Ric. Sì: perchè la man ch' io stringo
 E del più fido amico mio—
Ren. Riccardo!
Utr. Il Conte!— *[Ravvisando il governatore.]*
Ric. *(A lei.)* Nè, chi fossi, il genio tuo
 Ti rivelò—nè che volcano al bando
 Oggi dannarti.
Utr. Me?
Ric. T' acqueta e prendi. *[Le una borsa.]*
Utr. Magnanimo tu se', ma v' ha fra loro
 Il traditor: più d' uno

Occ. I will.
Rich. Allow me the honor.
[Offering his palm to Utrica]
Occ. Well so be it.
Utr. 'Tis the palm of one both great and noble,
 And born beneath the planet Mars.
Occ. She near the
 Truth approaches.
Rich. Be silent.
Utr. *(Retreating from him.)* Ah unhappy! go and leave me
 And do not ask me more.
Rich. No, continue.
Utr. No, pray leave me.
Rich. Tell me.
Utr. No, I pray thee.
Cho. Come haste and finish.
Rich. I insist.
Utr. Well then, thou soon wilt die.
Rich. If on the field of honor, I would thank thee.
Utr. No, but by a hand that now is friendly—
Occ. Great Heaven!
 What horror!
Utr. 'Tis written thus on high!
Rich. 'Tis all an idle folly,
 This telling forth the morrow,
 But how refrain from laughing here
 At their credulity.
Utr. Ah, sure good sirs, these tidings
 Of mine, so fraught with sorrow,
 You would not dare to ridicule;
 What may your pleasures be?
Occ. and Chorus.
 Ah, so sadly is he fated
 To fall assassinated!
 The thought alone brings o'er the soul
 A chill of agony.
Sam. and Tom.
 Her words are sharp as arrows,
 Her looks the lightnings borrow,
 Her demoniac advocate
 Beside her seems to be.
Rich. Come finish now your prophecy,
 Say who will be the assassin?
Utr. He who first
 Shall press your hand to-day.
Rich. That is well said.
(He offers his hand to each one in turn, but no one dares touch it.)
 Which one of you will prove
 The oracle is false?
 Nobody!

SCENE XI.—REINHART entering, and the others.

Rich. *(Running to him.)* Here he is!
[Shaking hands with him.]
All. He!
Sam. I breathe now—the chance is well secured.
All. *(To Utrica.)* The oracle
 Spoke falsely.
Rich. Yes: because the hand I press is that
 Of my most faithful friend.
Rain. Ah, Richard!
Utr. The Count here! *[Recognizing the Governor]*
Rich. *(To Utrica.)* Thy spells could not reveal
 To thee my presence, nor that to exile
 Thou'rt condemned today.
Utr. I?
Rich. Be pacified and take that. *[Throwing a purse]*
Utr. Thou art magnanimous but still
 The traitor is among the n, perhaps there's

Forse—
Sam., Tom. Gran Dio!
Ric. Non più. *[A parte.]*
Ceru. (Da lontano) Viva Riccardo!
Tutti. Qual voci?

SCENA XII.—*SILVANO dal fondo, ove risiede, veduto all' aperto, e detti.*

Sil. F lui, ratti movete, è lui:
 Il vostro amico e padre. *[Marinai, Uomini e Donne del popolo s' affollano all' entrata.]*
Si prostri ognuno; amor, dovere il chiede,
E l' fanno suono della nostra fede.
Ceru. O figlio d' Inghilterra,
 Amor di questa terra:
 Reggi felice, arridano
 Gloria e salute a te.
Occ. Invidiato alloro,
 Che vince ogni tesoro,
 Alla tua chioma intrecciamo
 Riconoscenza e fe.
Uir. Non crede al proprio fato,
 Ma pur morrà piagato;
 Sorrise al mio presagio,
 Ma nella fossa ha il piè.
Ric. E posso alcun sospetto
 Alimentar nel petto,
 Se mille cuori battono
 Per immolarsi a me?
Ran. Ma la sventura è cosa
 Pur ne' trionfi ascosa,
 Dove il destino ipocrita
 Veli una rea mercè.
Sam., Tom e Seguaci—(Fra loro.)
 Vieta ogni moto ostile
 Qui la ciurmaglia vile,
 Che sta lambendo l' idolo
 E che non sa il perchè.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—*Campo solitario nei dintorni di Boston, appiè d'un colle scosceso. A sinistra nel basso biancheggiano due pilastri; e la luna leggermente velata illumina alcuni punti della scena.*

AMELIA dalle eminence.

Ecco l' orrido campo ove s' accoppia
 Al delitto la morte!
 Ecco là le colonne—
 La pianta è là, verdaggia al piè. S' inoltri.
 Ah mi si agghela il core!
 Sino il rumor de' passi miei, qui tutto
 M'empie di raccapriccio e di terrore!
 E se perir dovessi!
 Perire! ebbon quando la sorte mia,
 Il mio dover tal è, s' adempia, e sia.
[Fa per avviarsi.]
 Ma dall' arido stelo divulsa
 Come avrò di mia mano quell' erba,
 E che dentro la mente convulsa
 Quell' etera sembianza morrà
 Che ti resta, verdato "a nor—

More than one.
Sam., Tom. Great Heaven!
Ric. No more. *[Aside]*
Cho. (At a distance.) Long live Count Richard!
All. Whose voices?

SCENE XII.—*SILVAN from the background where he stands facing the entrance—and the others.*

Sil. 'Tis he, come forward quickly—'tis he!
 Your friend and father—*[Sailors, men and women of the populace crowd in at the entrance]*
 Kneel down before him; he claims your love and duty.
 And sound the hymn of faith and our devotion.
Cho. O son of mighty England,
 Beloved of all around thee:
 May happiness surround thee,
 And glory crown thee here.
Occ. An envied crown of laurels
 Above all price bequeathing,
 Around thy brow they're wreathing,
 Of grateful trust so dear.
Uir. Trust not what faith hath told thee,
 But violence will slay thee.
 Thou'lt smile on what I say thee,
 But death to thee is near.
Ric. Can I permit suspicions
 Within my bosom dwelling,
 While thousand hearts are swelling
 Devoted round me here?
Ran. But often dire misfortunes
 'Neath triumph's garb are hiding—
 While fate, with smiles misguiding,
 A hollow mask doth wear.
Sam., Tom and their followers—(Aside.)
 Avoid all hostile movement
 While here, the mob surrounding
 Their idol's praise are sounding,
 They know not why, 'tis clear.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A lonely field in the neighborhood of Boston, at the foot of a steep hill, at the left, stand two blanched timbers. The moon lightly veiled with clouds lights up the salient points of the scene.*

AMELIA (from the eminence.)

Yonder's the horrid field where crime with death is coupled!
 There stands the gallows—and there the plant I seek,
 Grows verdant at its foot—I must proceed.
 Ah me! my heart is freezing! all the dread scene,—
 Even the echo of my footsteps fills me with terror,
 And should I perish—perish! were such my fate
 In duty's path it still shall be accomplished.

[Comes forward]

From the stem dry and withered discovered—
 When my hand grasps this green herb all-potent,
 From my spirit distracted and fevered,
 His image celestial will fade.
 What remains then, when love doth depart—

Che ti resta, mio povero cor !
 Oh ! chi piange, qual forma m' arretra,
 M'attraversa la squallida via ?
 Su corraggio—e tu fatti di pietra,
 Non tradirmi, dal pianto ristà ;
 O ansci di battere e muor,
 T' annienta, mio povero cor !
[S' ode un tocco d' ora, lontano.]
 Mezzanotte !—e che veggio ? uno spettro
 Di sotterra si leva—e sospira !
 Ha negli occhi il baleno dell' ira
 E m' affisa e terribile sta !
[Cadendo sulle ginocchia.]
 Deh ! mi reggi, m' aita, o Signor,
 Risollewa il mio povero cor !

SCENA II.—RICCARDO e AMELIA.

Ric. Tace lo ste.
Ame. Gran Dio !
Ric. T' calma :
 Di che temi ?
Ame. Ah mi lasciaste—
 Son la vittima che geme—
 Il mio nome almen salvate—
 O lo strazio ed il rossore
 La mia vita abbatteva.
Ric. Io lasciarti ? no, giammai :
 Nol pos' lo ; chè m' arde in petto
 Sovrumano di te l' affetto.
Ame. Conte, abbiatemi pietà.
Ric. Così parli ? a chi t' adora
 Pietà chiedi, e tremi ancora
 Questo core innamorato
 L' onor tuo sempre sarà.
Ame. Ma, Riccardo, io son d' altrui—
 Dell' amico più fidato—
Ric. Taci, Amelia—
Ame. Io son di lui,
 Che darla la vita a te—
Ric. Ah crudele, e mai rammemori,
 Lo ripeti innanzi a me !
 Non sai tu che se l' anima mia
 Il rimorso dilacera e rode,
 Quel suo grido non cura, non ode,
 Sin che l' empio di fremiti amor !—
 Non sai tu che di te restaria,
 Se cessasse di battere il cor !
 Quante notti ho vegliato anelante !
 Come a lungo infelice lottai !
 Quante volte dal cielo implorai
 La pietà che tu chiedi da me !—
 Ma per questo ho potuto un istante,
 Infelice, non viver di te !
Ame. Deh soccorri tu, cielo all' ambascia
 Di chi sta fra l' infamia e la morte ;
 Tu pietoso rischiara le porte
 Di salvezza all' errante mio piè.
 E tu va—ch' io non t' oda—mi lascia .
 Son di lui, che il suo sangue ti diè.
Ric. La mia vita—l' universo,
 Per un detto—
Ame. O ciel pietoso !
Ric. Di' che m' ami—
Ame. Ah va, Riccardo ?
Ric. Un sol detto—
Ame. Ebbene, sì, t' amo—

What is left thee, my poor breaking heart !
 Oh what weeping, what force can restrain me
 From now crossing this dark gloomy pathwa .
 Be courageous, and firm to sustain me,
 Not betray me, through weeping to stay.
 Let thy pulse cease to beat my poor heart,
 Cease thy struggle, my poor weary heart !
[A distant clock strikes]
 It is midnight ! what see I ? a phantom
 From the ground slowly rising and sighing !
 From his eyeballs the lightnings are flying,
 He confronts me with terrible gaze.
 Heaven support me, assistance impart,
 Aid and comfort my poor breaking heart.

SCENE II.—RICHARD and AMELIA.

Rich. Here, with thee !
Ame. Great heaven !
Rich. O calm thee,
 Of what fear'st thou ?
Ame. Ah, thou must leave me,
 In despair I groan, a victim—
 My good name at least thou'lt spare me,
 Or remorse with shame and blushes
 Will o'erwhelm me till life shall end.
Ric. I must leave thee ! no, never !
 No I cannot, my heart is glowing,
 Endless love on thee bestowing.
Ame. Count, have pity on me !
Rich. Speak'st thou thus to him who loves thee ?
 Pity claims't while terror moves thee ?
 Thy good name shall stand unsullied
 As thine honor e'er shall be.
Ame. But another doth possess me,
 He thy friend, the most confiding.
Rich. Hush Amelia !
Ame. Yes, I am his,
 Who would give up his being for thee.
Rich. Ah, how cruel, thus recalling him,
 Thus to speak before my face !
 Know'st thou not if the spirit within me
 By remorse is now torn and corroded,
 That its cry finds no answer, while goaded
 By the anguish and moaning of love !
 Know'st thou not that it still would be near thee
 Tho' this beating heart hence cease to move !
 Many nights have I breathlessly waited !
 'Gainst misfortune how long have I striven !
 Times unnumber'd imploring kind heaven,
 For the pity thou claimest from me !
 But for this one brief moment, unhated
 Can I claim, in thy presence to be !
Ame. Then, oh Heaven, send down aid and relieve me,
 While between death and infamy standing !
 Thou wilt show me a portal expanding
 Where my erring feet safely may tread,
 Thou must go, I'll not hear thee ! oh leave me !
 I am his who for thee his life-blood would shed.
Rich. Life I'd give thee, all creation
 For one accent—
Ame. Pitying Heaven !
Rich. Say, thou lov'st me !
Ame. Go, Richard—
Rich. Speak one word—
Ame. Then yes, I love thee !

OH QUAL SOAVE BRIVIDO—OH, WHAT DELIGHTFUL ECSTASIES. DUST. RICHARD AND AMELIA

RICHARD.



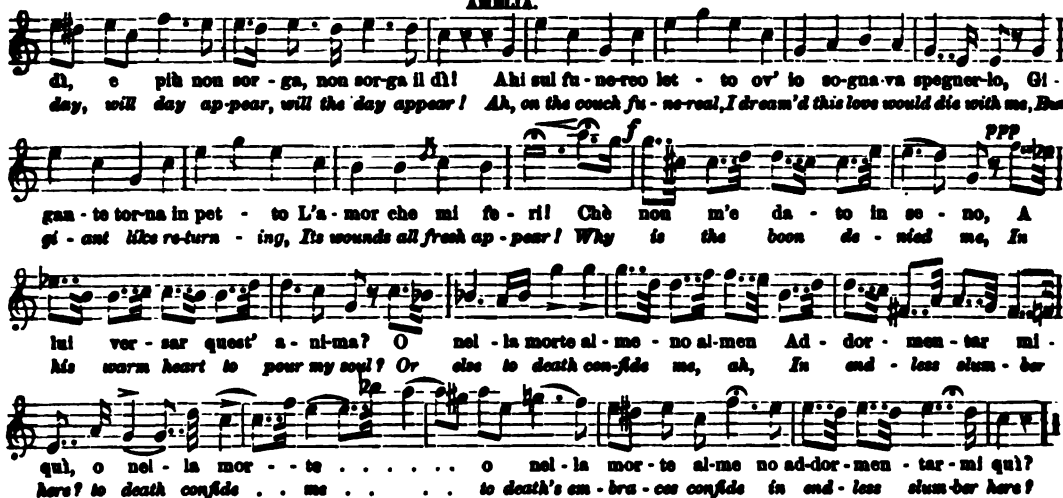
Oh qual so - a - ve bri - vi - do L'ac - ce - so pet - toir - ro - ral! Ah ch'io t'a - scol - ti - me
Oh, what de - light - ful ec - sta - cies; With - in my breast are sent - ed! Ah, let me hear re -

ce - - ra ri - sponder - mi co - all A - stro di que - sta te - ne - bre a - -
sent - ed Once more these words so dear! Oh star of my dark des - ti - ny, I

cul con - sa - cro il co - re ir - - ra - dia - mi d'a - mo - re e più non
pledge thes fond de - vo - tion Light me with love's e - me - tion, Less bright

sor - ga non sor - ga il di ir - ra - - diam!.... d'a - mor, e più..... non sor - ga il
will day, will morn - ing ap - pear, il - lumed by love's e - me - tion, ah..... less bright will

AMELIA.



di, e più non sor - ga, non sor - ga il di! Ah! sul fu - ne - reo let - to or' to so - gna - va spegner - lo, Gi -
day, will day ap - pear, will the day appear! Ah, on the couch fu - ne - reo, I dream'd this love would die with me, But

gan - te tor - na in pet - to L'a - mor che mi fe - ri! Chè non m'e da - to in se - no, A
gi - ant like re - turn - ing, Its wounds all fresh ap - pear! Why is the boon de - nied me, In

lui ver - sar quest' a - ni - ma? O nel - la morte al - me - no al - men Ad - dor - men - tar mi -
His warm heart to pour my soul? Or else to death con - fide me, ah, In end - less eum - ber

qui, o nel - la mor - - te o nel - la mor - te al - me no ad - dor - men - tar - mi qui?
here? to death con - fide . . . me to death's em - bra - ces con - fide in end - less eum - ber here?

Ric. M' ami, Amelia!

Ame. Ma tu, nobile,
Me difendi dal mio cor!

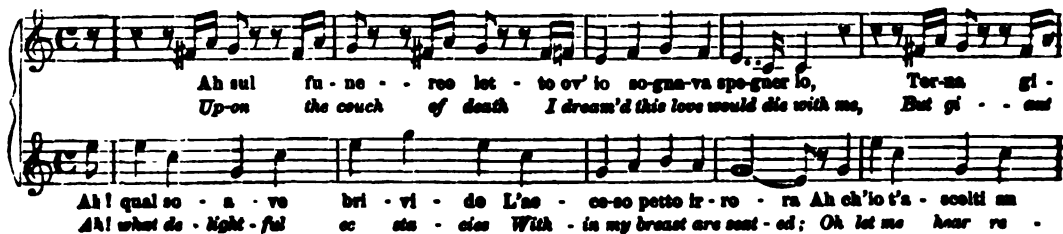
(Fuori di ad.)

Ric. M' ami m' ami!—oh sia distrutto
Il rimorso, l' amicizia
Nel mio seno: estinto tutto:
Tutto sia fuorchè l' amor!

Rick. Ah thou lov'st me!

Ame. But thou, noble friend
'Gainst my own heart wilt me defend!

(With transport.)

Rick. Lov'st me! lov'st me! forever banish'd,
Be remorse and ties of friendship,
From my bosom they all have vanish'd
With place alone for love.


Ah sul fu - ne - - reo let - to or' to so - gna - va spegner lo, Ter - na gi -
Up - on the couch of death I dream'd this love would die with me, But gi - - ant

Ah! qual so - a - ve bri - vi - do L'ac - ce - so petto ir - re - ra Ah ch'io t'a - scolti m
Ah! what de - light - ful ec - sta - cies With - in my breast are sent - ed; Oh let me hear re -

gan - to in pet - to L'a-mor che-mi fe - ri! Ohè non m'e da - to in se - so a
like, re - turn - ing, Its wounds all fresh appear! Why is the boon de - nied me, In

co - - ra ri - - spon - der mi co - si! A - stro di que - ste to - ne-bre
pearl - - - ed Once more those words so dear! Bright star of my dark des - ti - ny

lui ver - sar quest a - ni-ma? O nel - la morte al-me - no al - me - no ad - dor - men - tar - mi
his warm heart to pour my soul? Or else, in death's em - bra - ces lie In end - less slum - ber

Ir - ra - dia-m d'a-mo - re e piu non sor - ga non sor - ga il
Light me with love's e-mo - tion Less bright will day, will day ap

qui? O nel - la - mor - - te..... e nel - la mor - te al-me - no ad - dor - men - tar - mi
here? In death's em - bra - ces..... in death's em - bra - ces lie down in end - less slum - ber

di e più non sor - ga il di! ah no, no, più non sor - ga il
pearl! less bright will day appear! ah no, no, day will not ap -

qui? o nel - la mor - te al-men, o nel - la
here? or else in death's em-braces, in death's em -

di! ir - ra - dia-mi d'a - mor, ir - ra - dia-mi d'a-mor, e più non sorga il-di!
pearl! illumine me with thy love, Light up my soul with love, and day will not appear!

mor - te ad - dor - mentar - mi qui, e nel - la mor - te nel - la morte almeno ad - dor - mentar - mi qui?
bra - - ces slum - ber for - ev - er here, in death's em-braces or in death's embraces, sleep for - ev - er here?

e più non sor - ga il di, ir - ra - dia - mi d'a-mor, e piu non sorga il di, non sorga il di!
the day will not appear, il-lu-mine my soul with love, and day will not appear, will not appear!

[La luna illumina sempre più.

[The moonlight grows stronger

Ahimè!

Taci—

Ric.

Ame.

Alcun—

S' appressa

Ric.

Chi giunge in questo

Albergo della morte!—

Requies!

[Fatti pochi passi.

Ame.

Il mio consorte! [Abbandando il velo atterrato.

Oh heavens!

Rich.

Ame.

Pray be quiet!

Approaches—

Somebody

Rich.

Who can it be, that seeks

This dread abode of death!

Reinhart!

[Steps forward

Ame.

My husband!

[Covers herself with a veil.

SCENA III.—RICCARDO, AMELIA e RENATO.

Ric. Tu qui? [*Incontrandolo.*]
Ren. Per salvarvi da lor, che, celati
 Lassè, t' hanno in mira
Ric. Chi son?
Ren. Congiurati.
Am. O ciel!
Ren. Trasvolai nel manto serrato,
 Così che m' han preso per un dell' agguato,
 E intesi taluno proromper: L' ho visto:
 E il Conte: un' ignota beltade è con esso—
 Poi altri qui volto—fuggevole acquisto!
 S' ei rade la fossa, se il tenero amplesso
 Troncar, di mia mano, repente saprò.
Am. Lo muoio— [*Tru sè.*]
Ric. (A lei.) Fa core.
Ren. (Coprendolo col suo mantell...) Ma questo ti do.
 [*Poi additandogli un viottolo a destra.*]
 E bada, lo scampo, t' è libero là.
Ric. Salvarti degg' io— [*Preso per mano Amelia.*]
Am. (Sottovoce a lui.) Me misera! Va—
Ren. (Passando ad Amelia.)
 Nè voi già vorrete segnario, o signora,
 Al furro spietato!
 [*Dilegua nel fondo a veder se s' avvanzano.*]
Am. Deh solo t'invola!
Ric. Che qui t' abbandonì?
Am. T' è libero ancora
 Il passo, va, fuggi—
Ric. Lasciarti qui sola
 Con esso? no mai—piuttosto morrò.
Am. O fuggi: o che il velo dal capo torrò.
Ric. Che dici?
Am. Risolvi.
Ric. Desisti.
Am. Lo vo'.
 Per esso quest' alma sol tropida e game, [*Tru sè.*]
 Salvarto, non altro desiro la preme,
 E paga di tanto, se dato le fia,
 Se stessa del fato ne' fremiti oblia.
Ric. (A Renato, solennemente.)
 Amico, gelosa t' affido una cura:
 L' amor che mi porti, garante mi sta.
Ren. Affidati, imponi.
Ric. (Cell' indice verso Amelia.)
 Promettimi, giura
 Che tu l' addurrà, volata, in città,
 Nè un detto né un guardo sar essa trarrà.
Ren. Lo giuro.
Ric. E che tocche le porte, n' andrai
 Da solo all' opposto.
Ren. Lo giuro, e sarò.
Am. (Sommessamente a Riccardo.)
 Odi tu come sonano cupi
 Per quest' auro gli accenti di morte?
 Di lassè, da quei negri dirupi,
 Il segnal de' nemici partì.
 Ne' lor petti scintillano d' ira—
 E già piomban, t' accherchiano fitti—
 Al tuo capo già volser la mira—
 Per pietà, va, t' invola di qui.
Ric. Traditor, sciagurati son essi, [*Tru sè.*]
 Che minacciano il vivere mio?
 Ma l' amico ho tradito ancor io.
 Son colui che nel cor lo ferì!
 Innocente, sfidati gli avrei;
 Or d' amore colpevole—fuggo—
 La pietà del Signore su lei
 Poi l' ale, protegga i suoi dì!
Ren. (Staccandosi dal fondo ove stava cospirando.)
 Fuggi, fuggi: per l' orrida via

SCENE III.—RICHARD, AMELIA and REINHART.

Rick. Why art thou here? [*Meeting Reinhart.*]
Rein. To save thee from the knaves
 Who yonder lie concealed in wait for thee.
Rick. Who are they?
Rein. Conspirators.
Am. O heaven!
Rein. Hither I came with speed,
 Wrapped in this cloak. Thus they mistook me
 For one of their own spies, and I o'erheard
 One say, "I saw him, 'tis the Count, an unknown
 Fair is with him. He must be seized at once.
 I know the way to stand his fond embraces
 With my right hand, and suddenly."
Am. (Aside.) I'm fainting!
Rick. (To her.) Have courage.
Rein. (Covering him with the cloak.) This cloak I give thee
 [*Pointing to a path at the right.*]
 Be careful, go quickly, then thou'lt be safe.
Rick. But first I must save thee. [*Taking Amelia's hand.*]
Am. (Softly to Richard.) Ah wretched me! go!
Rein. (On passing Amelia.)
 You would not thus expose him gentle lady
 To the assassin's poignard?
 [*Retires to see if any one approaches.*]
Am. Ah! fly and leave me.
Rick. Leave thee alone here?
Am. The pathway is safe for thee only,
 Go, fly thee!
Rick. And leave thee with Reinhart?
Am. No, never, I rather would die.
Rick. O fly thee, or from my face this veil I'll rend.
Rick. What say'st thou?
Am. My meaning.
Rick. Thou'lt do it?
Am. I will.
 'Tis only for him that my soul faints and trembles,
 To save him is now the sole wish of my being.
 Whatever the trial, no harm must come near him—
 My own fate so wretched will soon be forgotten.
Rick. (Solemnly to Reinhart.)
 A great trust, my friend, I confide to thy keeping—
 The love thou dost bear me, thy sole pledge shall be
 You may trust me—command me.
Rein. (Pointing to Amelia.)
 Here promise me, swear it—
 That thou wilt convey her, close veil'd, to the town,
 Nor one look, or one word shalt thou on her bestow
 I swear it.
Rein. At the gates, when arriving, thou'lt leave her
 Alone on her pathway to go—
Rein. I promise so to do—
Am. (Softly to Richard.)
 Dost thou hear through shadows surrounding—
 On the breezes 'ere death-wail is falling?
 And above, from the dark cliffs rebounding,
 How the tramp of the traitors comes near!
 In their hearts rage and anger are burning:
 Now, descending, they seek to destroy thee,
 On thy head all their fury is turning,
 Ah, for pity's sake, fly thee from here!
Rick. They're but knaves, vile and wretched, these traitors
 Who, plans to destroy me are laying;
 While I, my loved friend first betraying—
 Now plunge the cold steel in his heart.
 Were I blameless, I'd meet these assassins,
 But so guilty, I fly from before him:
 May kind Heaven in compassion watch o'er him,
 E'er protect him, and blessings impart.
Rein. Fly thee quickly! for on the dark pathway

Sento l'orma dei passi spietati.
Allo scambio dei detti esecrati
Ogni destra la daga brandì.
Va, ti salva, o che il varco all' uscita
Qui fra poco serrarsi vedrai;
Va, ti salva, del popolo è vita
Questa vita che getti così.

[Riccardo esce.]

SCENA IV. RENATO e AMELIA.

Ren. Seguitemi.
Am. (Da sé.) Mio Dio!
Ren. Perché tremate?
Fida scorta vi son, l' amico accanto
Vi risollevi il cor!

SCENA V.—SAMUEL, TOM con seguito, dalle alture e detti.

Am. Eccoli.
Ren. Presto,
Appoggiatevi a me.
Am. Morir mi sento!
Coro. (Dall' alto.)
Si discenda, si trafigga,
Già scoccata è l' ultim' ora.
Il saluto dell' aurora
Sull' esanime cadrà.
Sam. (A Tom.) Scerni tu quel bianco velo
Onde spicca la sua dea?
Tom. Si precipiti dal cielo
All' averno.
Ren. (Forte.) Chi va là?
Sam. Non è desso!
Tom. O furor mio!
Coro. Non è il conte!
Ren. No, son io
Che dinanzi a voi qui sta.
Sam. (Beffardo.) Il suo fido!
Tom. Men di voi
Fortunati fummo noi:
Chè il sorriso d' una bella
Stemmo indarno ad aspettar.
Io per altro il volto almeno
Vo' a quest' Iside mirar.
[Alcuni de' suoi rientrano con fiaccole accese.]
Ren. (Colla mano sull' elca.)
Non un passo: se l' osate
Traggo il ferro—
Tom. E v' infiammate?
Sam. Non vi temo.
Am. O cieli, alta!
Coro. (Verso Renato.) Già l' acciaro—
Ren. Traditori!
Tom. (Mentre va per strappare il velo ad Amelia.)
Vo' finirlo—
Ren. (Assalendolo.) E la tua vita
Questo insulto pagherà.
[Nell' atto che tutti s'avventano contro Renato. Amelia,
fuori di sé infiammettendosi, lascia cadere il velo.]
Am. No: fermatevi—
Ren. (Colpito.) Che!—Amelia—
Sam. Lei!—
Tom. Sua moglie!
Am. Ah! per pietà!
Sam. Ve' se di notte qui colla sposa
L' innamorato campion si posa,
E come al raggio lunar del miele
Sulle rugiade corcar si sa!
Sam. e Tom. Ve' la tragedia mutò in commedia
Piacevolissimo—ah! ah! ah! ah!
E che baccano sul caso strano
Andrà dimane per la città!

Now I hear their tramp steadily falling,
And with curses and yellings appalling,
Each hand lifts a poignard on high.
Quick, escape thee! or soon thou'lt discover
The way closed before thee forever:
Go escape thee, use every endeavor
To live, for thy people's sake, fly! [Richard departs]

SCENE IV.—REINHART and AMELIA.

Rein. Now follow me.
Am. (Aside.) Oh Heaven!
Rein. Why dost thou tremble?
I'll be your faithful escort, and friendly words
Will soon cheer up your heart!

SCENE V.—SAM., TOM and their followers coming forward and the same.

Am. Here they are.
Rein. Hasten,
And lean for support on me.
Am. Life seems departing
Chorus. (From the cliffs.)
Quick descending, vengeance seeking
His last hour with speed is flying;
Morning's dawn will find him lying
Cold, inanimate and dead.
Sam. (To Tom.) Dost thou see the white veil flowing,
That enfolds his goddess fair?
Tom. She from Heaven, herself is throwing
Down to darkness.
Rein. Who goes there?
Sam. That not Richard!
Tom. Fire and fury!
Chorus. The count not there!
Rein. No, Reinhart—
I, who stand before you here,
(Jeeringly.) His true follower.
Sam. We were much less
Tom. Fortunate than you in coming—
Oft the fair one's smile expected
Comes not, and we wait in vain.
Sam. I, however unobjected
Will a sight of her obtain—
[Some of the followers close around with lighted torches
(With his hand upon his dagger.)
Come no nearer, if thou darest
I will slay thee.
Tom. Art in passion?
Sam. I am fearless—
Am. Oh heaven, befriend me!
Chorus. (To Reinhart.) Sheathe your weapon.
Rein. Coward traitors!
Tom. [During the altercation, goes to snatch the veil from Amelia
I will end this.
Rein. (Assailing him.) And for this insult,
You shall pay me with your life.
[While all are attacking Reinhart, Amelia beside herself
with terror, lets the veil fall from her face.]
Am. No—restrain yourself—
Rein. (Thunderstruck.) What! Amelia.
Sam. She!
Tom. His own wife!
Am. Ah! some pity lend!
Sam. Here meets at midnight his own wife tender,
This burning lover, now her defender,
And 'neath the mild rays of moonlight beaming,
On dewy meadows he makes his bed.
Sam. and Tom. Ah! how the drama to farce is turning
All ends most peacefully, ah! ah! ah! ah!
What fun there'll be this odd case concerning,
Through the town will the story spread.

Ame. A chi nel mondo crudel più mai,
 Misera Amelia, ti volgerai?—
 La tua spregiata lacrima, quale,
 Qual man pietosa rasciugherà?
Ren. *(Fisso alla via onde fuggì Riccardo.)*
 Così mi paga, se l'ho salvato!
 Ei m'ha la donna contaminato!
 Tal marchio fitto mi volle in fronte,
 Macero il coré per sempre m'ha!
[Poi riscuotendosi, e come chi ha preso un grave partito, s'accosta a Samuel e Tom.]
 Converreste al tosto mio
 Sul mattino di domani?
Sam., Tom. Per subir dell'onta il fio?
Ren. No—ben altro in cor mi sta,
Sam., Tom. Che ti punge?
Ren. Lo saprete,
 Se verrete.
Sam., Tom. E ci vedrai.
[Nell'uscire seguiti dai loro,
 Dunque andiam—per vie diverse
 L'un dall'altro s'allontani.
 Il mattino di domani
 Grandi cose apprenderà.
Ren. *(Rimasto solo con Amelia.)*
 Ho giurato che alle porte
 V'addurrei della città.
Ame. *(Tra sé.)* Come sonito di morte
 La sua voce al cor mi va!

FINE DELL' ATTO SECONDO.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—Una stanza da studio nell'abitazione di Renato.
 Sopra un caminetto di fianco due vasi di bronzo, rimpetto a cui la biblioteca. Nel fondo v'ha un magnifico ritratto del conte Riccardo in piedi, e nel mezzo della scena una tavola.

Entrano RENATO e AMELIA.

Ren. A tal colpa è nulla il pianto,
[Deposta la spada e chiusa la porta.]
 Non la terge e non la scusa
 Altro sol non rivedrai,
 Rea ti festi: e qui morrai.
Ame. Ma se reo, se reo soltanto
 E l'indizio che m'accusa?—
Ren. Taci, o perfida.
Ame. Gran Dio!
Ren. Chiedi a lui misericordia.
Ame. E ti basta un sol sospetto?
 E vuoi dunque il sangue mio?
 E m'infami, e più non senti
 Nè giustizia, nè pietà?
Ren. Hai finito!
Ame. Se l'amai
 Un istante, infelicissima,
 Il tuo nome io non macchiai.
 Sallo Iddio, che nel mio petto
 Mai non arse indegno affetto.
Ren. *(Ripigliando la spada.)* Hai finito? È tardi omai—
 Rea ti festi—e qui morrai.
Ame. Ah! mi avveni!—ebbene sia—
 Ma una grazia—
Ren. Non a me—
 La tua prece al ciel rivolgi.

Ame. To whom in this world of sin and sorrow
 Hapless Amelia, wilt thou now cling?
 Whence shall thy scorn'd tears compassion borrow.
 What hand in pity shall comfort bring?
Ren. *(Pointing to the path which Richard fled.)*
 Thus he repays me, for my protection—
 Betrays my loved wife to fond defection.
 My forehead brandeth with shame and sorrow,
 With endless grief my heart he rends.
[Then recovering himself, and as if coming to an important decision, he addresses Sam. and Tom.]
 Will you meet me at my dwelling
 At an early hour to-morrow?
Sam. and Tom. To arrange your shame's concealment?
Ren. No, I've other thoughts in mind—
Sam. and Tom. What excites thee?
Ren. In the morning
 You shall know it.
Sam. and Tom. We shall discern.
[Going out with their followers.]
 Now farewell, by paths diverging,
 Each his own way must be going
 When the morrow's dawn is glowing,
 Weighty matters we shall learn. *(They go)*
Ren. *(Alone with Amelia.)*
 I have sworn that to the portal
 Of the town I'll guard you well.
Ame. *(Aside.)* Like a condemnation mortal,
 In my heart his voice doth tell.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A study in Reinhart's dwelling—A mantle-piece on one side, upon which are two bronze vases, over it a book case. In the back-ground there is a full length portrait of Richard—in the middle of the scene is a table.

Enter REINHART and AMELIA.

Rein. For such offences, thy tears powerless
 To excuse them, or e'en to purge them.
 Crush the hope that now elates thee,
 Thou art guilty, here, death awaits thee.
Ame. But if guilty appearance condemns me,
 That alone is my accuser.
Rein. Silence, thou faithless one—
Ame. Great Heaven!
Rein. Call upon it for compassion—
Ame. Doth suspicion then suffice thee?
 Will my blood alone content thee?
 Thus defame me, no longer feeling
 Pity, justice, or the right.
Rein. Hast thou ended?
Ame. If thou loved'st me
 But one moment, though most unhappy.
 Thy fair name I have not blemished—
 Heaven's my witness, that in my bosom
 Burns no flame of thee unworthy—
Rein. *(Taking up the sword.)*
 Hast thou finished? 'tis late already—
 Thou art guilty, and here thou diest.
Ame. Ah, thou wilt slay me—Well then so be it—
 But grant one favor.
Rein. Ask not me—
 Let thy prayer to Heaven be lifted.

Am. (*Gravely.*) Solo un detto ancora a te,—
M'odi, l'ultimo sarà;
Morro, ma prima in grazia,
Deh! mi consenti almeno;
L'unico figlio mio,
Avvincere al mio seno.
E se alla moglie nieghi,
Quest'ultimo favor;
Non rifiutarlo ai prieghi
Del mio materno cor.
Morro—ma queste viscere,
Consolino i suoi baci,
Poi che l'estrema è giunta
Dell'ore mie fugaci;
Spenta per man del padre,
La mano ei stenderà,
Su gli occhi d'una madre,
Che mai più non vedrà!

Ren. Alzati, là tuo figlio a te concedo riveder.
Nell'ombra e nel silenzio, là,
Il tuo rossore e l'onta mia nascondi.

[*Amelia exits.*]

Non è su lei, nel suo
Fragile petto che colpir degg'io.
Altro, ben altro sangue a tenger dèasi
L'offesa—(*Fixando il ritratto.*) Il sangue tuo!
Nè tarderà il mio ferro
Tutto a versarlo dal tuo falso core:
Delle lacrime mio vendicatore!
E sei tu che macchiavi quell'anima,
La delizia dell'anima mia—
Che m'affidai e d'un tratto esecrabile
L'universo avvelenai per me!
Traditor! che in tal guisa rimunerai
Dell'amico tuo primo la fè!
O dolcesse perdute! O memorie
D'un amplesso che mai non s'oblia!—
Quando Amelia sì bella, sì candida
Sul mio seno brillava d'amor!—
E finita—non siede che l'odio,
E la morte sul vedovò cor!

SCENA II.—REHATO, SAMUEL e TOM entrano salutandosi freddamente.

Ren. Siam soli.—Udite Ogni disegno vostro
M'è noto.—Voi di Riccardo la morte
Volete.

Tom. Sogni.

Ren. (*Mostrando alcune carte che ha sul tavolo.*)
Ho qui le prove!

Sam. (*Fremendo.*) All'ora
La trama al Conte svelerai?

Ren. No—voglio
Dividerla.

Tom. Tu scherzi.

Ren. E non co' detti:
Ma qui col fatto struggerò i sospetti.
Io son vostro, compagno m'avrete
Senza posa al medesimo intento:
Arra il figlio vi do. L'uccidete
Se vi manca.

Tom. Ma tal mutamento
È credibile appena.

Ren. Qual fu
La cagion non cercate. Son vostro
Per la vita dell'unico figlio!

Sam., Tom. (*Fra loro.*) Ei non mente.

Ren. Esitate?

Sam., Tom. Non più.

Ren., Sam., Tom. Dunque l'onta di tutti sol una,
Uno il cor, la nostra ira sarà,
Che tremenda, repente, digiuna

Am. (*Kneeling.*) One word only address I to thee.
Hear me, it the last shall be;
I die, but first in mercy,
Grant me one favor, one only;
Let me enfold my darling boy,
To this sad heart so lonely.
If the wife's prayers unheeding,
This favor to impart;
Thou'lt not refuse the pleading
Of my maternal heart.
I die, but on my yearning breast,
His kiss will fall consoling.
Now in these last sad moments,
Fast to eternity rolling;
To thee, my death approving,
His hand held forth may be,
A mother's glance so loving,
He never more will see!

Ren. Rise again! there, your child is—you may behold
His face once more. In silence and seclusion
There, thy blush and my disgrace conceal forever.

[*Amelia goes out.*]

'Tis not on her, in her weakness, and frailty
Should descend my anger. Other, far other
Life-blood must wipe out her offences.
And thine it shall be—(*Looking towards the antechamber.*) She shall withdraw the dagger
Out from thy heart disloyal, and thus
Be the avenger of all my wrongs.
It was thou who did'st sully that spirit pure,
Once the joy and delight of my being;
Whom I trusted, yet with falsehood detestable,
Thou hast poisoned the whole world for me!
Traitor foul! thus so basely repaying
Thy best friend who confided in thee!
O delights lost forever! remembrance
Of embraces, that made life celestial!
When Amelia, so lovely and innocent
On my bosom with rapture reclined!
Now 'tis ended, and only aversion remaining
A place in my lone heart can find.

SCENE II.—REINHART, SAMUEL and TOM enter, coldly saluting him.

Ren. We're alone here. Now hear me. All your designs
Unlawful I've sounded—Richard's destruction you've
Sworn to accomplish—

Tom. Visions—

Ren. (*Showing some papers lying on the table.*)
The proofs are present!

Sam. (*Shuddering.*) And quickly
The plot you to the Count will tell?

Ren. No—I would rather
Join it—

Tom. You're jesting.

Ren. With words not only,
But here with deeds will I confront suspicion—
I am with you, to share in your perils,
Your intentions, the same end seeking:
As a pledge, accept my child. Slay him
If I fail you.

Tom. But such alteration
Is yet scarcely to be trusted.

Ren. Seek not
The occasion to discover. I'm with you
On my truth, my boy's life hangs—

Sam., Tom. (*Aside.*) He is truthful.

Ren. Are you doubting?

Sam., Tom. No more.

Ren., Sam., Tom. Thus the chance of each, all sharing
One in heart, we'll in vengeance unite,
Which, tremendous and sudden, unspaving,

Ren. D' una grazia vi supplico.
Su quel capo esecrato cadrà!
Sam. Tom. E quale?
Ren. Che sia dato d' ucciderlo a me.
Tom. No, Renato: l' avito castello
A me tolse, e tal dritto a me spetta.
Sam. Ed a me, cui spegneva il fratello,
Cui decenne agonia di vendetta
Senza requie divora, qual parte
Assegnaste?
Ren. Chettatevi, solo
Qui la sorte or decidere de'.
[Prende un vaso dal camino e lo colloca sulla tavola,
Samuel scrive tre nomi e vi getta entro i viglietti.]
Tom. Ma chi vien!—

SCENA III.—AMELIA e detti.

Ren. (Incontrandola.) Tu?—
Ame. V' è Oscar che porta
Un invito del Conte.
Ren. (Impallidendo.) Di lui!—
Che m'aspetti.—E tu resta, lo dèi:
Poi che parmi che il cielo t' ha scorta.
Ame. (Fra sé.) Qual tristezza m' assale, qual pena!
Qual terribile lampo balena!
Ren. (Additando sua moglie agli altri due.)
Nulla sa—non temete. Costei
Esser debbe anzi l' auspice caro.
[Traendola verso la tavola.]
V' ha tre nomi in quell' urna—un ne tragga
L' innocente tua mano.
Ame. (Tremante.) E perchè?
Ren. Ubbidisci— non chieder di più.
Ame. [Traendo dal vaso un viglietto che suo marito passa a Sam.]
(Fra sé.) Non è dubbio: quest' ordine amaro
Mi vuol parte ad un' opera di sangue.
Ren. Qual è dunque l' eletto?
Sam. Renato.
Ren. (Fremendo di gioia.)
Il mio nome!—O giustizia del fato:
La vendetta mi deleghi tu!
Ame. (Da sola.) Ah del Conte la morte si vuole!
Noi celar le crudeli parole!
Su quel capo s'indaga dall' ira
I lor ferri scintillano già.
Ren. Sam. e Tom. Sconterà dell' America il pianto
Lo sleal che ne fece suo vanto.
Se trafisse, soccomba trafitto,
Tal mercede pagata gli va!
Ren. (Alla porta.) Il messaggio entri.

SCENA IV.—OSCAR e detti

Osc. (Verso Amelia.) Alle danze
Questa notte, se gradite
Collo sposo, il mio signore
Vi desidera—
Ame. (Turbata.) Nol posso.
Ren. (Ad Oscar.) Anche il Conte vi sarà.
Osc. Certo.
Sam. e Tom. (Fra loro.) Oh sorte!
Ren. Al paggio, ma collo sguardo a Tom.)
Tanto invito
So che valga.
Osc. E un ballo in maschera
Splendidissimo—
Ren. (c. s.) Benissimo!
Ella meco interverrà. [Accommando Amelia.]
Sam. e Tom. (A parte.) E noi pur, se da quell' abito
Più spedito il colpo va.

Ren. I would ask one single favor.
On his doomed head shall quickly alight.
Sam. and Tom. What is it?
Ren. That I the avenger may be—
Tom. No, Reinhart. My dwelling paternal
He hath stolen, and to me must he answer.
Sam. And to me, for a brother basely slain—
Me, whose longing and thirsting for vengeance,
Knew no rest day or night—Then what duty
Would'st thou assign me?
Ren. Well then be quiet,
And fortune shall for us decide—
[He takes a vase from the chimney, and places it upon
the table. Sam. writes the three names on scraps of
paper, and drops them in the vase.]
Tom. But who comes?

SCENE III.—AMELIA and the same.

Ren. (Meeting her.) Thou?
Ame. Oscar is here, and brings an
Invitation from the Count.
Ren. (Turning pale.) From him!
Bid him expect me—Here remain thou, I wish it.
Perchance 'tis Heaven that sends thee hither.
Ame. (Aside.) What misfortunes assail me, what sorrow!
What lightning flash waits me to-morrow!
Ren. (Pointing out his wife to the others.)
Nought she knows—do not fear her,
She shall here decide between us—
[Draws her to the table]
In this vase, three names are lying—let thy pure
Hand draw one of them.
Ame. (Trembling.) But wherefore?
Ren. Do as I bid thee—and ask not why.
Ame. (Draws from the vase a paper, which her husband passes
to Sam.)
(Aside.) Beyond a question, this bitter order makes me
Accomplice to some deed dreadful.
Ren. Who is then elected?
Sam. Reinhart!
Ren. (Trembling with joy.)
It is my name! oh justice of fortune,
Thus to grant me the vengeance I seek.
Ame. (Aside.) Ah, the death of the Count they are planning.
Unconcealed are their plottings suspicious.
O'er his head, in their anger seditious,
All their daggers now fearfully gleam.
Ren. Sam. and Tom. From the earth let us banish the traitor
Who boasts of the wrongs he's committed.
Self-condemned he shall die all unpitied
In such fashion his deeds we'll repay.
Ren. (Going to the door.) Bid the page come in.

SCENE IV.—OSCAR and the same.

Osc. (To Amelia.) My Lord
Desires your presence
With your husband, at the ball
This evening—
Ame. (Agitated.) I cannot go.
Ren. (To Oscar.) The Count will there be present?
Osc. Surely.
Sam. and Tom. (Aside.) Oh fortune!
Ren. (To Oscar, but glancing at Tom.)
I appreciate
This invitation.
Osc. 'Tis a masked ball of
Much splendor.
Ren. We will surely
Both be there.
Sam. and Tom. (Aside.) And also we—for thus disguised
The blow may be more safely struck—

Osc. Di che fulgor, che musiche—Esalteran le soglie,
Ove di tante giovani—Bellezze il fior s'acreglia,
Di quante altrice palpita—La genial città!

Ann. Ed io medesima, lo misera (*Fra sé.*)—Lo scritto inasorato.
Trassi dall'urna complice,—Pel mio consorte irato:
Su cui del cor più nobile—Forma la morte sta.

Ann. Là delle danze al sonito (*Da sola.*)—Ecco il codardo affetto—
Ferma la punta vindice—E là dov'io l'atterro
Spira dator d'infamia—Senza trova pietà.

Sam. e Tom. (*Fra loro.*) Una vendetta in domino—E ciò
che torna all'uopo.
Nell'urto delle maschere—Non fallirà lo scopo:
E sarà un ballo funebre—Fra pallide beltà.

Ann. (*Da sé.*) Prevenirlo potessi—e non tradire.
Lo speso mio!

Osc. **Reina**
Delle danze sarete.
Ann. Forse potrallo Ulrica.
Sam. e Tom. E qual costume indoscerem?

Ann. **Azzurra**
La veste, e da vermiglio
Nastro, le ciarpe al manco lato attorto.

Sam. e Tom. E qual accento a ravvisarci?

Ann. **Morte!**

SCENA V.—*Suntuoso gabinetto del Conte.—Tavolo con l'occorrenza per scrivere; nel fondo un gran cortinaggio che scoprirà la festa da ballo.*

RICHARDO solo.

Forse la soglia at tinte,
E posa Alfin.—L'onore
Ed il dover fra i nostri petti han rotto
L'abisso.—Ah! sì, Renato
Rivedrò l'Inghilterra—e la sua sposa
Lo seguirà. Senza un addio, l'immenso
Ocean ne separi—e taccia il core.
Esito ancor! ma, oh ciel, non lo degg'io!

(*Sottoscrive, e chiude il foglio in seno.*)

Ah! l'ho segnato il sacrificio mio!
Ma se m'è forza perdersi—Per sempre o luce mia,
A te verrà il mio palpito—Sotto qual ciel tu sia,
Chiusa la tua memoria—Nell'intimo del cor.
Ed or qual reo presagio—Lo spirito m'assale,
Che il rivederti annunzia—Quasi un desio fatale—
Come se fosse l'ultima—Ora del nostra amor.

SCENA VI.—*OSCAR con una lettera, e detto.*

Osc. Ignota donna questo foglio dilemni.
E pel Conte, diss'ella; a lui lo reca
E di celato.

Rich. (*Dopo letto.*) Che nel ballo alcuno
Alla mia vita attenderà, sta detto

Osc. What brilliant lights, what music gay,—Will fill the
joyous dwelling!
What crowds of youths and maidens fair—Their hearts
with rapture swelling!
How much of pleasure and delight—This charming
city doth unite.

Ann. And I, myself, ah hapless me!—The fatal scroll so
blindly
Drew from the vase at his command—By anger turned
unkindly.
On whom the dark decree doth lie—That by his hand
the Count must die.

Rein. There 'mid the sounds of music light—The coward
traitor meeting,
I'll strike the vengeful dagger home—And stay his
vile heart's beating.
Death to the miscreant infamous,—No pity shall he
find.

Sam. and Tom. Revenge in mask and domino!—'Twill thus
be more availing,
Amid the crush of dancers gay—There'll be no chance
of failing.
A mournful ball 'twill surely be—And pallid beauties
we shall see.

Ann. (*Aside.*) Can I not yet prevent it without
betraying my husband?

Osc. (*To Ann.*) You will
be queen of the dance.

Ann. (*To herself.*) Ulrica can perchance assist me.

Sam. and Tom. (*To Rein.*) What shall be our style of costume?

Rein. A doublet blue,
With crimson scarf
Upon the left side fastened.

Sam. and Tom. By what word of recognition?

Rein. Death!

SCENE V.—*A sumptuous cabinet of the Count. A table with writing materials. In the back-ground is a heavy curtain hung over the entrance to the ball-room.*

RICHARD solo.

Haply I reach decision—
And rest at last. Our sentiments
Of honor and of duty have sav'd us
From ruin.—Ah, yes, Reinhart
Will return to his country—his wife submissive
Will follow him. Farewells unspoken, the broad
Ocean will divide us, our hearts subduing.
Still do I doubt! O Heaven is it not duty?
[*Writes, and puts the manuscript in his bosom.*]
Ah, I have sign'd it, the sacrifice completing!
But if compelled to lose thee now
To part from thee forever:
My burning thoughts will fly to thee,
Though fate our lot may sever.
Thy memory still enshrined shall be
Within my inmost heart.
And now, what dark forebodings
Around my soul are thronging?
When, once more to behold thee,
Seems like a fatal longing!
As if it were the final hour,
Time to our love would grant.

SCENE VI.—*OSCAR, with a letter, and the same.*

Osc. An unknown lady gave me this letter.
'Tis for the count, she told me; take it to him
With secrecy and haste.

Rich. (*After reading the letter.*) It says that some one as
The ball will attempt my life Should I absent me

Ma se m' arereto : allora,
Ch' io pavuto diran. Nol vo' : nessuno
Pur scapettarlo de' Tu va : t' appresta,
E ratto per gioir meco la festa.
[Oscar esce, Riccardo rimasto solo, vivamente prorompe.
Vo', rivederti, Amelia.—E nella tua beltà,
Anche una volta l' anima—D' amor mi brillerà !

SCENA VII.—Vasta e ricca sala da ballo splendidamente illuminata e parata a festa.

Coro generale.

Fervono amori e danze—Nolle felici stanze,
Onde la vita è solo—Un sogno lusinghier.
Notte de' cari istanti,—De palpiti e' de canti,
Perchè non fermi 'l volo—Sull' onda del piacer ?

SCENA VIII.—SAMUEL, TOM, e i loro Aderenti in domino assurdo col cinto vermiglio. RENATO nello stesso costume s' avvanza lentamente.

SAM. (*Additando Renato a Tom.*)

Altro de' nostri è questo.
[E fattosi presso a Renato sottovoce.
La morte !

Ren. (*Amaramente.*) Sì, la morte.
Ma non verrà.

Sam. e Tom. Che parli ?

Ren. Qui l' aspettarlo è vano.

Sam. e Tom. Come ? perchè ?

Ren. Vi basti saperlo altrove.

Sam. O sorte

Ingannatrice !

Tom. (*Fremendo.*) E sempre ne sfuggirà di mano !

Ren. Parlate basso, alcuno los guardo a noi fermò.

Sam. E chi ?

Ren. Quello a sinistra,

Dal breve domino.

[*Ei si disperdono, ma Renato viene inseguito da Oscar in maschera.*

Osc. Più non ti lascio, o maschera ;
Mal ti nascondi.

Ren. Eh via. [*Canzandolo.*

Osc. Tu se' Renato. [*Con vivacità.*

Ren. E Oscarre tu se'. [*Spiccandogli la maschera.*

Osc. Qual villania !

Ren. Ma bravo, e ti par dunque convenienza questa.

Che mentre il Conte dorme, tu scivoli alla festa ?

Osc. Il Conte è qui—

Ren. (*Trasalendo.*) Che !—dove ?

Osc. (*Voltandogli le spalle.*) Cercatelo da voi.

Ren. (*Con accento amichevole.*) Orsh—cho

Dirmi almeno, del suo costume puoi ?

'Twill be said that fear withheld me. I will not,
Nor will I be suspicious of any one.
Go thou : Prepare thyself, and quickly—
To enjoy with me the gay assembly.
[Oscar departs, Richard remains alone, much depressed
I must behold thee, Amelia, and in thy charms divine—
Once more my soul shall feast, thy love shall on me shine

SCENE VII.—A vast and elegant ball-room, splendidly illuminated and decorated for a festival.

CHORUS.

Onward with love and dancing—In this abode of pleasure.
When life in fullest measure—Is but a vision bright
Night, of sweet moments fleeting—Of music, and light
hearts beating, [light ?
Why wilt not fold thy pinions—On waves of such de-

SCENE VIII.—SAMUEL, TOM and their followers in tins dominos with scarfs of crimson. REINHART in the same costume comes slowly forward.

SAM. (*Pointing out Reinhart to Tom.*)

Yonder comes one of our comrades.

[*Passing near Reinhart says in a low tone*
Death !

Rein. (*Bitterly.*) Yes, death.
But he will not come.

Sam. and Tom. What say'st thou ?

Rein. Vainly we shall here await him

Sam. and Tom. How so ? and why ?

Rein. Suffice it to know he is elsewhere

Sam. O fickle,

Deceitful fortune !

Tom. (*Fretfully.*) And will he forever thus escape me !

Rein. Speak yet more softly, some one observes us.

Sam. Which one ?

Rein. That one in the left there, in the short domino
[*They disperse. Reinhart comes forward followed by Oscar in disguise.*

Osc. I will not leave thee—my friendly mask ;
Thou'rt poorly disguised.

Rein. Well go on.

Osc. Thou art Reinhart—

Rein. And thou'rt Oscar the page.
[*Lifting up his mask.*

Osc. You are insulting— [sure,

Rein. Well done now, this is for thee a quite convenient means
That while the Count is sleeping, you here
Can take your pleasure.

Osc. The Count is here.

Rein. (*Starting.*) What—where then ?

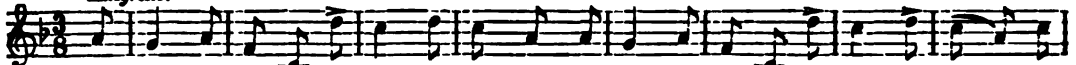
Osc. (*Turning his shoulder to him.*) Nay seek him out yourself

Rein. (*With friendly accent.*) Well come—

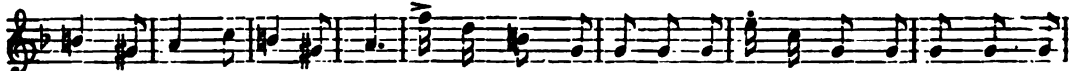
At least inform me what costume he is wearing ?

SAPER VORRESTE—YOU'D FAIN BE HEARING. OSCAR.

Allegretto.



sa - per vor - re - ste di che si ve - ste, Quan - do l'è co - sa Ch'ei vuol na - sco - sa Ben
You'd fain be hearing What mask he's wear ing, When his in - ten - tion For - bids all men - tion ; I



to lo ed, Ma nol di - ro, Tra la la la la la tra la la la la la la
know it well, But will not tell, True la la la la la true la la la la la la



Pieno d' amore
 Mi balsa il core,
 Ma pur discreto—Serba il secreto.
 Nol rapirò—Grado o belia,
 Tra là, là là—Là là, là là.
Am. (Raggiungendole di nuovo.) Via, che tu sai
 Distinguere gli amici suoi.
Occ. V' alletta
 Interrogarlo, e forse celar con esso un po' ?
Am. Appunto.
Occ. E compromettere di poi chi ve l' ha detto ?
Am. M' offendi, è confidenza che quanto importi so.
Occ. Vi preme assai—
Am. Degg' io di gravi cose ad esso,
 Pria che la notte inoltri, qui favellar. Su te
 Farò cader la colpa, se non mi fia concesso.
Occ. Dunque—
Am. Fai grazia a lui, se parli, e non a me.
Occ. *(Più dappresso e rapidamente.)*
 Veste una cappa nera, con rosso nastro al petto.
[E fa per andarsene.]
Am. Una parola ancora.
Am. Ah perchè qui ! fuggite—
Ric. Sei quella dello scritto ?
Am. La morte qui v' accerchia—
Ric. Non penetra nel mio
 Fetto il terror.
Am. Fuggite, fuggite, o che trafitto
 Cadrete qui !
Ric. Rivelami il nome tuo.
Am. Gran Dio !
 Noi posso.
Ric. E perchè piangi—mi supplichi atterrita ?
 Onde, cotanta senti pietà della mia vita ?
Am. *(Tra singulti che svelano la sua voce naturale.)*
 Tutto, per essa, il mio sangue—tutto darei !
Ric. Ah invan ti celi, Amelia : quell' angelo tu sei !
Am. T' amo, sì t' amo, e in lacrime—A' piedi tuoi m' at-
 terro,
 Ove t' anela incognito—Della vendetta il ferro.
 Cadavere domani—Sarai se qui rimani :
 Salvati, va, mi lascia,—Fuggi dall' odio lor.
Ric. Sin che tu m' ami, Amelia,—Non caro il fato mio,
 Non ho che te nell' anima,—E l' universo oblio.
 Nè so temer la morte,—Perchè di lei più forte
 E l' aura che m' inebria—Del tuo selesse amor.
Am. Dunque verdermi vuoi
 D' affanno morta e di vergogna ?

Unbounded love
 My heart doth move,
 But cool discretion—Withholds confession ;
 I'll nought declare—To high or fair,
 Tra la, la la—La la, la la.
Rein. (Approaching him again.) Come, thou canst
 Point him out to us, his friends.
Occ. You'd coax and question
 Him, and haply jest a little ?
Rein. 'Tis likely.
Occ. Thou'rt compromised with him, had'st words of anger !
Rein. I have his most important confidence in keeping.
Occ. Enough you press me—
Rein. I must speak to him of matters
 Most important—ere the morning comes. If the
 Blow should fall, on you the blame will rest.
Occ. Well then—
Rein. You favor him in speaking, and not me.
Occ. *(Coming nearer, and speaking rapidly.)*
 He wears a domino of black—with crimson roses on
 the breast. *[He tries to escape]*
Rein. One single word more only— *[Following him.]*
Am. *(Coming forward with the Count.)* Ah, why art here ?
 Oh, fly thee !
Ric. Art thou this letter's author ?
Am. Here certain death awaits thee !
Ric. No idle fear
 Can have place in my breast.
Am. O leave me, or thou wilt
 Surely find thy doom !
Ric. Reveal to me thy name.
Am. Great Heaven !
 I cannot !
Ric. Why dost thou weep then, and kneeling, thus entreat
 Me ? whence comes this anxious feeling for my poor
 life and safety ?
Am. All, to preserve thee, e'en life itself I'd freely give !
Ric. In vain dost thou dissemble ; thou art my lov'd
 Amelia !
Am. Fondly I love thee, tearfully—Here at thy feet ex-
 tended,
 While panting, waits, unknown to thee—Vengeance
 with blade suspended ;
 Betray'd thou'lt be, ere morning—If here thou stay'st,
 take warning !
 Save thyself, go and leave me—Fly thee, from their
 hatred remove !
Ric. Since thou dost love me dearest—I care not what be-
 tude me ;
 Nought but thyself now fills my soul—All else is lost
 beside thee.
 I've fears of death no longer—For there's a power
 that's stronger,
 The air that thrills my being—With thy unbounded
 love !
Am. Then would'st thou see me fall
 A prey to death, through shame and anguish ?

THE MASKED BALL.

Salva.
Ric. Ti vo'—domani e con Renato andrai—
Ame. Dove?
Ric. Al natio tuo cielo.
Ame. In Inghilterra!
Ric. Mi schianto il cor—ma partirai—ma addio.
Ame. Riccardo!
Ric. Amelia: anche una volta addio,
 L' ultima volta!—
Ben. (*Lanciato inosservato fra loro, lo trafigge di pugnale.*)
 E tu ricevi il mio!
Ric. Ahimè!
Ame. Soccorso!
Osc. (*Accorrendo a lui.*) Oh ciel!
Tutti. (*Affollandosi intorno.*) Ei trucidato!
Alcun. Da chi?
Altri. Dov' è l' infame?
Osc. (*Accennando a Renato.*) Eccoli—
 (*Mentre lo circondano e gli strappano la maschera.*)
Tutti. Renato!
 Morte—abominio
 Sul traditor!
Ric. No, no—lasciatelo.
 Tu m' odi ancor. [*A Renato.*]
 (*E tratto il dispaccio, e fatto cenno a lui di accostarsi.*)
 Ella è pura, in braccio a morte,
 Te lo giuro, il ciel m' ascolta:
 Io che amai la tua consorte
 Rispettato ho il suo candor,
 [*Gli dà il foglio.*]
 A novello incarco acceso
 Te con lei partir dovei—
 Io l' amai, ma volli illeso
 Il tuo nome ed il suo cor!
Ren. Ciel, che feci! e che m' aspetta
 Esecrato sulla terra!—
 Di qual sangue e qual vendetta
 M' assetò l' infausto error!
Ame. O rimorsi dell' amore
 Che divorano il mio core,
 Fra un colpevole che sanguina
 E la vittima che muor!
Osc. O dolor senza misura!
 O terribile sventura!
 La sua fronte è tuttaorida
 Già dell' ultimo sudor!
Ric. Grazia a ognun: signor qui sono
 Tutti assolve il mio perdono—
Caro. Cor sì grande e generoso
 Tu ci serba, o Dio pietoso:
 Raggio in terra a noi miserrimi
 E del tuo celeste amor!
Ric. Addio per sempre, o figli miei—per sempre
 Addio—diletta America— [*Cade e spara.*]
Ame. Esso muore!
Osc. Qual anima passò!
Tutti. Notte d' orrore!

Rich. I would thee save.
 To-morrow thou and Reinhart shalt go—
Ame. Whither?
Rich. To the land of thy birth.
Ame. To England!
Rich. 'Twill rend my heart—but thou'lt go—Farewell, love!
Ame. Richard!
Rich. Amelia! once more I bid thee farewell,
 My last farewell!
Rein. (*Throwing himself unexpectedly between them, stabs Richard with his dagger.*)
 And thus receive thou mine!
Rich. Ah me!
Ame. Help quickly!
Osc. (*Hastening to him.*) Oh Heaven!
All. (*Crowding around him.*) Alas, he's murdered:
 Some persons. By whom?
Others. Where is the assassin?
Osc. (*Pointing to Reinhart.*) Behold!
 (*They surround him, and tear off his mask*)
All. Reinhart!
 Death to the hated wretch—
 This traitor vile.
Rich. No, no, leave him alone—
 Hear me meanwhile.
 [*To Reinhart*]
 Thy wife is guiltless! in death's arms falling,
 I now swear it, as Heaven doth hear me—
 Though I adored her with love enthralling,
 I respected her spirit pure.
 A new trial I had accepted—
 Thou with her for home should'st leave me—
 I adored her, but e'er respected
 Thy good name, and her pure heart—
Rein. Heaven! what did I! what doom awaits me
 On this earth, accursed forever!
 To what bloodshed, what deed revengeful,
 I through error have been led!
Ame. O, of love the pangs remorseful
 That devour my heart within me!
 Through my fault, all pale and bleeding,
 Lies the dying victim here.
Osc. O unmeasured grief and sorrow!
 O misfortune deep, appalling!
 On his brow, the end forestalling,
 Gather now the dews of death—
Rich. Pardon to all: I here am ruler:
 To each is granted my full forgiveness.
Cho. Such a heart, so generous, noble,
 Spare us, Heaven, in thy compassion:
 'Tis a ray to earth descended
 Of thine own celestial love—
Rich. Farewell forever, beloved children—
 Forever, adieu now, oh land beloved—
 [*Falls and dies*]
Ame. Death has called him—
Osc. A noble soul hath gone!
All. Night of dark horror!

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A—G

Title	Text	Composer	Title	Text	Composer
Africaine, L'	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>	Don Giovanni	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
Aida	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>	Don Pasquale	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
*Amico Fritz, L' (Friend Fritz)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Pietro Mascagni</i>	*Dorothy		<i>Alfred Cellier</i>
Armide	<i>F.</i>	<i>C. W. von Gluck</i>	Elisire d'amore, L'	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Ballo in Maschera, Un (The Masked Ball)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>	*Erminie	<i>I.</i>	<i>Edward Jakobowski</i>
Barbe-Bleue (Blue Beard)	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	Ernani	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
Barbiere di Siviglia, Il (Barber of Seville)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gioacchino A. Rossini</i>	Etoile du Nord, L' (The Star of the North)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>
Belle Hélène, La	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	Fatinitza		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>
Bells of Corneville (Chimes of Normandy)		<i>Robert Planquette</i>	Faust	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Gounod</i>
*Billee Taylor		<i>Edward Solomon</i>	do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>
*Boccaccio		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>	Favorita, La	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Bohemian Girl, The		<i>Michael Wm. Balfe</i>	Fidelio	<i>G.</i>	<i>L. van Beethoven</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>	Figlia del Reggimento, *La (Daughter of the Regiment)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Carmen	<i>F.</i>	<i>Georges Bizet</i>	Fille de Madame Angot, La	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Lecocq</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>	Flauto Magico, Il (The Magic Flute)	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
Cavalleria Rusticana	<i>I.</i>	<i>Pietro Mascagni</i>	Fledermaus, Die (The Bat)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Johann Strauss</i>
Chimes of Normandy (Bells of Corneville)		<i>Robert Planquette</i>	Fleur de Thé	<i>F.</i>	<i>F. Hervé (Ronger)</i>
Cinderella	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gioacchino A. Rossini</i>	Flying Dutchman, The		<i>Richard Wagner</i>
Contes d'Hoffmann, Les (Tales of Hoffmann)	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	do.	<i>G.</i>	<i>do.</i>
Crispino e la Comare (The Cobbler and the Fairy)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Luigi and F. Ricci</i>	Fra Diavolo	<i>I.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>
Crown Diamonds, The	<i>F.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>	Freischütz, Der	<i>G.</i>	<i>Carl Maria von Weber</i>
Dame Blanche, La		<i>F. A. Boieldieu</i>	do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>
Damnation of Faust, The	<i>F.</i>	<i>Hector Berlioz</i>	*Gillette (La Belle Coquette)		<i>Edmond Audran</i>
Dinorah	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>	Gioconda, La	<i>I.</i>	<i>Amilcare Ponchielli</i>
*Doctor of Alcantara, The		<i>Julius Eichberg</i>	Giroflé-Girofla	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Lecocq</i>
			Götterdämmerung, Die	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>

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G—Z

Title	Text	Composer	Title	Text	Composer
Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, The	<i>F.</i>	Jacques Offenbach	Otello	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
*Hamlet		Ambroise Thomas	Pagliacci, I	<i>I.</i>	R. Leoncavallo
Jewess, The	<i>I.</i>	Jacques F. Halévy	Parasfal	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Königin von Saba (Queen of Sheba)	<i>G.</i>	Karl Goldmark	Pinafore (H. M. S.)		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
Lakmé	<i>I.</i>	Léo Delibes	Prophète, Le	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
Lily of Killarney, The		Sir Jules Benedict	Puritani, I	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini
Linda di Chamounix	<i>I.</i>	Gaetano Donizetti	Rheingold, Das (The Rhinegold)	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
*Little Duke, The		Charles Lecocq	Rigoletto	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
Lohengrin	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner	Robert le Diable	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
do.	<i>I.</i>	do.	Roméo et Julietta	<i>F.</i>	Charles Gounod
*Lovely Galatea, The		Franz von Suppé	Romeo e Giulietta	<i>I.</i>	do.
Lucia di Lammermoor	<i>I.</i>	Gaetano Donizetti	Samson et Dalila	<i>F.</i>	Camille Saint-Saëns
Lucresia Borgia	<i>I.</i>	do.	Semiramide	<i>I.</i>	Gioacchino A. Rossini
*Madame Favart		Jacques Offenbach	Siegfried	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Manon	<i>F.</i>	Jules Massenet	*Sleeping Queen, The		Michael v. n. Balfe
Maritana		Wm. Vincent Wallace	Sonnambula, La	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini
Marriage of Figaro	<i>I.</i>	W. A. Mozart	*Sorcerer, The		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
Martha	<i>I.</i>	Friedrich von Flotow	*Spectre Knight, The		Alfred Cellier
*Mascot, The		Edmond Audran	*Stradella		Friedrich von Flotow
Meistersinger, Die (The Mastersingers)	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner	Tannhäuser	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Mefistofele	<i>I.</i>	Arrigo Boito	Traviata, La	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
Merry Wives of Windsor, The		Otto Nicolai	Tristan und Isolde	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Mignon	<i>I.</i>	Ambroise Thomas	Trovatore, Il	<i>I.</i>	Giuseppe Verdi
Mikado, The		Sir Arthur S. Sullivan	Ugonotti, Gli (The Huguenots)	<i>I.</i>	Giacomo Meyerbeer
*Musketeers, The		Louis Varney	Verkaufte Braut, Die (The Bartered Bride)	<i>G.</i>	Friedrich Smetana
Ion		Richard Genée	Walküre, Die	<i>G.</i>	Richard Wagner
Ma	<i>I.</i>	Vincenzo Bellini	William Tell	<i>I.</i>	Gioacchino A. Rossini
ette		Edmond Audran	Zauberflöte, Die (The Magic Flute)	<i>G.</i>	W. A. Mozart
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